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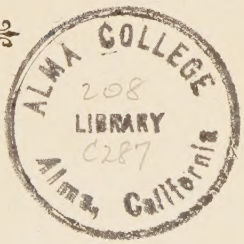

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CONTENTS.

Leo XIII. By the Rev. C. Coupe, S.J.
The Catholic Church and the Bible.
Kingdon Fields. By Louisa E. Dobrée,
By What Authority? By F. B. Lord, M.A.
From Darkness to Light. By Mgr. Croke Robinson.
Wayside Tales. By Lady Herbert. No 27 :—
A Peaceful Victory.
What a Crucifix Can Do.
The Providence of God.
Grace before Meals.
Ven. Mother Mary of St Euphrasia. By the Rev. R. Eaton.
Are Indulgences sold in Spain? By the Rev. S. F. Smith, S.J.

POPE LEO XIII.

(1810–1903.)

By CHARLES COUPE, S.J.

Joachim Vincent Pecci was born amid the Volcian Hills, at Carpineto, in the diocese of Anagni, a town of the Papal States, on March 2, 1810. He was of noble birth. The Pecci of Carpineto are a branch of the Pecci of Siena, a family illustrious in the turbulent chronicles of that ancient city; and many a scion of that distinguished name became famous in many walks of life—in politics, in war, in literature, and in religion. Benvenuto Pecci was the first Knight of Malta created at Siena. Paul Pecci was renowned as general and reformer. Lelio Pecci became ambassador of the Republic at the Court of Charles V. Pietro Pecci represented Siena at Florence, and attended, as envoy, the coronation of the Emperor Sigismund. It is interesting, moreover, to notice that the Pope who bade the Catholics of France submit to the Republican French Government was himself descended through his mother, Anna Prosperi, from Rienzi the Tribune.

At the age of eight years Joachim Pecci was sent to school, to the College of the Jesuits at Viterbo. Here he

made his First Communion on the Feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, 1821. Two years later he was summoned to Rome to attend the death-bed of his mother. He did not return to Viterbo, but entered the Jesuit Collegio Romano. Here he became known as a brilliant scholar and an indefatigable student, first of all in the School of Rhetoric, next in the three years' course of Philosophy, and then in the four years' curriculum of Theology. In 1832 he took his Doctor's degree. But his studies were not yet over. Next he entered the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, where for five more years he assiduously read canon and civil law and was trained in every branch of diplomacy. His brilliant gifts, unswerving energy, and strong character attracted the special notice of the "Protector" of the Academy, Cardinal Sala, on whose recommendation Pope Gregory XVI., on March 14, 1837, named Joachim Pecci, at the age of twenty-seven, a Domestic Prelate, a Monsignore, Prebendary of the Signatura, and an official of the Congregation of Buongoverno. About this time the young man distinguished himself by the nerve he displayed and the self-possession with which he helped to combat the virulent outbreak of cholera in Rome. On the last day of 1837 he was ordained priest. A Jesuit student, he said his first mass in the chapel of St. Stanislaus, at the Jesuit noviceship of St. Andrea, Rome—the chapel in which rests the body of the Jesuit boy-saint, who, dying at the age of seventeen, "ran a long race in a short time."

Mgr. Pecci's first important appointment, two months afterwards, was to be Governor—"Apostolic Delegate" is the technical term—of the ancient duchy of Benevento, at that time a papal province, but surrounded by Neapolitan territory. Its situation made it a nest of smugglers and bandits, who flourished under the protecting wing of the

"Camorra," composed of many rich and powerful families of the neighbourhood. The new Governor quickly took in the situation and at once set to work to checkmate these powerful freebooters. A noble marquis, aggrieved at his vigour, one day threatened insolently to go to Rome and denounce him to the Pope. "Be it so," said the Delegate, "but remember that to do so you must pass by the Castle of St. Angelo!" The nobleman hardly relished this reference to the fortress-prison of Rome, and would have slunk away, but the Governor had him detained, stormed his house, and captured the troop of twenty-eight bandits who garrisoned it.

Pecci was at Benevento three years, from 1838 to 1841. Then he was transferred from the governorship of Benevento to that of Perugia. In 1843 he was made titular Archbishop of Damietta. The same year he was appointed Nuncio at Brussels at the Court of Leopold I., King of the Belgians. The views concerning him of that keen-sighted monarch were thus, after a conversation with the king, set down in a letter from Urban Rattazzi to his wife:—

"Pecci is notable for his great elevation of mind and his entire incorruptibility. He is a perfect man of the world, but his attachment to the Holy See is extreme. His principles are absolutely fixed. His indomitable, almost fierce, determination, gives proof positive that he is incapable of bending. Assuredly he is one of those priests whom one is forced to admire and honour. As to his ability, his political sense is very keen and his knowledge is even profounder."

The Belgian Prime Minister was M. Northomb, a "Liberal" Catholic, whose policy was to secularize education. The Nuncio opposed him—firmly, politely, successfully.

Mgr. Pecci was esteemed and honoured by the Queen,

no less than by the King of the Belgians, Louise Marie, whom Mgr. Fornari spoke of as a "real saint," and to whom our own Queen, Victoria the Good, was deeply attached by the most intimate ties of womanly affection.

But the dignity and piety of the youthful Nuncio—he was then only thirty-five—by no means obscured his fearless wit or dulled the edge of his trenchant tongue. The story is told that once at a public dinner a nobleman pulled out his snuff box, on the lid of which was painted a nude and indecent female form, and handing the article to the Nuncio, with a wink at the other guests, asked him what he thought of it. Pecci looked at the curio with a critical air, then handed it back with the remark: "Not bad! Your wife, I suppose?"

In January, 1846, Joachim Pecci was appointed to the see of Perugia. Governor of Perugia he had been already, he now became its Bishop. Before taking possession of his see, however, he came to London and spent the whole of February in the metropolis of that nation which he never ceased to love esteem and praise. When he returned to Rome, Gregory XVI. was dying. On June 1st the Papal Chair was vacant. The Bishop of Perugia saw Pius IX. elected Pope. His own hour had not yet come.

For two-and-thirty long years—from 1846 till 1878—from his thirty-sixth to his sixty-eighth year, Joachim Pecci laboured in the See of Perugia, doing the "good work" of a bishop, according to the mind of St. Paul. From a worldly point of view, this appointment checked—some would have said "ruined"—his career. The nunciatures were henceforth closed to him, the promise of his brilliant youth seemed to have faded away. For decades of years he was lost to the world amid the obscurity of his Umbrian diocese. That at least is what men said about him. But man's

ways are not God's ways, nor man's thoughts God's thoughts. Like his Divine Master during His thirty years of preparation, Joachim Pecci was being silently prepared for the great work which God had given him to do—the greatest to which man on earth can set his hand.

The Bishop of Perugia was a model prelate. No life of ease was his. He ruled his diocese with a gentle but firm hand. He promoted orphanages, hospitals, asylums, homes. He became famous as a road-maker. As a builder of churches his energy was astounding. His own beautiful cathedral he carefully restored. Thirty-six new churches he constructed within his diocese. In education he was in the forefront of the strife. He pushed on the organization of elementary, secondary, and higher education. He improved the studies of the clergy. In perfect touch himself with modern thought, he urged on the training of the priesthood in psychology, chemistry, geology, and other natural sciences, as well as in diplomatic history, and chronology. A distinguished philosopher and theologian himself, he insisted with his clergy on a deep and earnest study of philosophy and theology. He was never idle. The germs of most of the great ideas which he afterwards expanded and published to the world in his many Papal Encyclicals, may be found in the words and acts of the Bishop of Perugia. On December 19, 1853, he was made a Cardinal, and twenty-three years later, in 1876, Joachim Pecci's good work in his Umbrian see was finished, and he was summoned to another and a wider sphere of action.

In November, 1876, Pius IX. summoned Pecci to Rome to fill the exalted post of Cardinal Camerlengo, in succession to Cardinal de Angelis, a position of the highest dignity and influence. On February 7, 1878, Victor Emmanuel, the usurper of Rome, died. Not a month

after, his victim, the venerable Pius IX., worn out with anxiety and persecution, went to his reward. On February 18, 1878, the Conclave, consisting of sixty-two cardinals, met in the Vatican. Two-thirds of the votes are requisite for election. On the second day forty-four votes were cast for Cardinal Pecci, and half an hour later the aged Cardinal Deacon, Cardinal Caterini, from the famous window in the great loggia of St. Peter's, in the time-honoured formula, declared his election to the dense crowds in the Piazza below: "I announce to you tidings of great joy. We have for Pope, His Eminence the Most Reverend Lord Joachim Pecci, who has taken unto himself the name of Leo the Thirteenth."

What were the thoughts of the new Pope, the 263rd of his hoary line, as he gave his first pontifical blessing, "*Urbi et Orbi*," not from the window looking on the Piazza, but from the window of the loggia opening upon the interior of St. Peter's! The place chosen was an indication that the Pope, the Sovereign of Rome, was a prisoner in his own city. It was also a wager of truceless war with the Italian usurper, and with the Revolution of which that usurper was the puppet.

What were the new Pope's thoughts?

The thoughts of his enemies we know. Those enemies were intoxicated with triumph. To them it was evident that the end of the Papacy had come.

A goodly volume might, indeed, be compiled from the columns even of the English Press of unfulfilled prophecies concerning the Catholic Church. Over and over again she has been said to have finally and inevitably alienated from herself the respect and esteem of every honest and right-thinking man. Oftener than we can count she has quitted the winning and identified herself with the losing side. Again

and again she has broken with all that is modern, progressive, enduring, up to date. She has proved herself effete, antiquated, obsolete. Except among the senile races of mankind, whose day is over, and whose final disappearance is a mere question of time, she has forfeited her place and power. She is ruled by an aged Pope, and administered by a college of ancient cardinals, whose learning is mediæval, whose ideas are old-world, whose ways are out of fashion, and their lives out of touch with the vitality and energy of modern existence. Many and many a time she has tottered to her absolutely final ruin. In fact, she has taken every false step and fallen into every foolish error which it was possible for a misguided Church to take and fall into, and if she has not yet actually flickered out of life, her ultimate extinction must be near at hand.

Such were the forecasts of seers in whom the wish was possibly father to the thought. Another prophet, however, and he a non-Catholic, has confessed that, for his part, he saw no sign to indicate that the term of her long dominion is approaching; that, as she has seen the commencement of all the Governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments which now exist in the world, he felt no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all; nay, that she may exist in undiminished vigour when—our coalpits worked out, our factories silent, our railroads grassgrown, the docks, which in deep-graven letters spell our prosperity, crumbling into ruin—some casual visitor from a foreign shore should from a broken arch of London Bridge sketch the ruins of St. Paul's. Like the hanging tower of Pisa the Church for two thousand years has seemed ever falling, and yet has not fallen.

The thoughts of Leo XIII. must often have revolved memories such as these. To him the Roman Church was not, as to the false prophets of failure, the creation of

human hands, otherwise she must long centuries ago have been dead, buried, and forgotten. To him she was the creation of God, her foundation on the Rock, her destiny to endure till the end of all things. To him she stood out in the world as the pillar and ground of the truth. It is that conviction which explained Pope Leo's attitude towards the nations. In the volumes of his *Acta*, and in his subsequent allocutions, letters, and constitutions he never once even remotely hinted that the Church was perhaps fated to fail. In all his public utterances Leo XIII. spoke clarion-tongued, like one who feared ruin, not for himself, but for the Christian nations who were his spiritual fold; like one who warned, and not like one who wavered. This conviction of the Church's safety was, indeed, the keynote of the Pope's life. To him her ultimate triumph was certain. Her present miseries he, indeed, recognized, and all through his writings there runs a corresponding vein of sadness. But there runs also a characteristic tone of confidence. The barque of Peter has been storm-tossed before, and yet the billows have never overwhelmed it. In the sixth century, under Gregory the Great, the Christian world seemed to be in its death-throes; the East was overrun with Nestorianism and Eutychianism; Spain and Lombardy were a prey to Arianism; Britain had fallen back into barbarism; Rome itself was plague-stricken and her foes were thundering at the city gates. Again, in the eighth century, under Leo III., the Crescent had supplanted the Cross in the East, in North Africa, in Spain; it overshadowed the Patriarchates of Jerusalem and Antioch and Alexandria; it dominated five hundred African Sees; it floated over the Churches of Optatus and Cyprian and Augustine; Rome itself was rent with hostile factions; the Pope lay at the mercy of his enemies. Again, in the eleventh

century, under Gregory VII., the Eastern Church had revolted from her allegiance, and was cruelly persecuting Catholics; in the West, princes were corrupt and prelates worldly. To use the Pope's own words, "The Romans, Lombards, and Normans were worse than Jews and pagans." Lastly, in the sixteenth century, Constantinople was Mohammedan, and St. Sophia had become a mosque; England had turned Calvinist, and Germany Lutheran; Rome was carried by storm, and for nine months was ruthlessly sacked and in part destroyed. These four tempests that threatened to overwhelm the Church Leo XIII. forgot not; but he also remembered that the Church had survived them all, and his whole attitude showed that he believed she would outlive her present disasters. And if we compare the year of his accession with the year of his death—if we compare 1878 with 1903—it is plain that the Catholic Church is incomparably stronger now than she was then. The Revolution seemed then to have gained a supreme and final victory over the Roman Church. It had cast down the throne of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, after that throne had endured for eleven hundred years and more. It had plundered monasteries and sacked convents and despoiled cathedrals and suppressed sees and beggared and banished religious of both sexes, and closed schools and turned colleges into barracks. Pope Leo XIII. it confined within the precincts of his palace a prisoner. From the day when Joachim Pecci entered the Conclave in the Vatican, a Cardinal, to the day when Leo XIII., Pope, breathed his last breath in the Vatican—from February 18, 1878, to July 20, 1903—the Prisoner Prince never once quitted the precincts of his palace. That Church which, as Bishop of Rome, was peculiarly his own, he never once felt free to visit—the Lateran Basilica of Constantine. Yet, prisoner as he was,

never has a Pope wielded a more extensive moral power than Leo XIII.

Yes, Leo XIII. was alone in the Vatican, without a friend among the Governments of the world, without territory, without treasure, without an army, without power, without a voice in the senate of nations, a prisoner in his own palace, begirt by the troops of a hostile king. The outward trappings of visible sovereignty were, indeed, gone. Nevertheless, his invisible sovereignty was, perhaps, never stronger than then. The Universal Church, which he ruled as Supreme Bishop, not only lives, she grows and flourishes. While the outlines of other ecclesiastical establishments, born but yesterday as compared with her, are day by day growing dimmer and less distinguishable, she stands out distinct as ever, clear-cut as Mont Blanc seen at night against a background of lightning-lit cloud. She is, perhaps, less powerful than heretofore among the less progressive nations of the world, but she grows lustier than ever among the nations to whom the whole earth seems as a future inheritance. Her strength has waned in the politically disturbed South American Republics; it waxes daily, in spite of much hostility, in England and the United States, in Germany, and the Colonies. Now that Leo XIII. has gone, and we can make up his account, no one can deny that, with all the forces of the world against him, he fought the good fight well, and drew tighter the bonds of respect and love and obedience which knit the Roman Church into one harmonious whole, its world-wide unity never more absolute, its purity never more apparent, its authority never more loyally recognized.

Leo XIII. was a profound and elegant scholar, and ever aimed at promoting scholarship in others. There is a false impression abroad that the Roman Church is adverse to

learning and research. On the contrary, Leo XIII. continually and consistently taught that there is a harmony of faith and reason, of religion and civilization, and that both, when duly cultivated, grow together, like flower and fruit, from the one root of Christianity. He threw open the Vatican library for general study, added thirty thousand volumes as a reference library, and urged scholars to explore the rich mine of historical lore there stored up. When to this arrangement it was objected that inconvenient facts might come to light, the fearless Pope replied that truth could never damage the Church : "*Non abbiamo paura della publicità dei documenti*" ; and he expressly encouraged the critical writing of history. The *Codex Vaticanus*, the oldest biblical MS., he had phototyped ; the *Regesta Pontificum* given to the world ; and a school of palæography established in the Vatican. The Pope himself was proficient in science. In the Gregorian University, in competition with such scientists as Pianciani and Andrea Carafa, the youthful Pecci came out first prizeman in physics and chemistry, and took high honours in mathematics. As Pope, therefore, he always gave science his special support. He established an astronomical observatory in the Vatican. To Dr. Lefevre, the Louvain Professor, his Holiness said : "Tell the Louvain men to have no fear of science, for God is the author of all science." And in answer to the question as to whether the Syllabus does not condemn science and civilization he replied : "No, it does not condemn true civilization—that, I mean, by which man perfects himself. But it does condemn that false civilization which would supplant Christianity, and destroy with it all wherewith Christianity has enriched the world." It was in pursuance of the same enlightened policy that the Pope drew up for the Vatican Observatory a new set of regulations calculated to bring

it in closer touch with astronomers in all parts of the world.

Leo XIII. was, too, a warm patron of literature, "that palladium of all true-hearted nations." In the Pontifical Seminary at Rome he made a rule that the students, after the completion of their philosophical and theological course of seven years, should devote a whole year exclusively to literature. Nay, to promote the study of Latin and Greek and modern languages, the Pope has done something more than write and make regulations. He subscribed every year £4,000 to the schools of Rome.

Leo himself was a *littérateur* of no mean order. The elegant Latinity of his Encyclicals and the Horatian ring of his verses have been widely appreciated. On this subject the *Times* wrote, July 21, 1903, that "the Pope united a genuine love of history and of some of the lighter forms of letters. His skill and taste in the composition of Latin verses were essentially Italian. The lines which flowed from his pen were not seldom defective from the point of view of pure scholarship, but, like the Latin writings of the best Italian poets of the Renaissance, they were instinct with the grace and flexibility which only those who have been trained from childhood to think in Latin can command. They were not distinguished by any high degree of inspiration, but they expressed, with elegance, and in a strain of true poetic feeling, the refined musings of a cultivated and accomplished gentleman."

Nor was the great Pope forgetful of art. Under his direction the apse of the Basilica of St. John Lateran was completed. The "Camera dei Paramenti" in the Vatican was hung with precious Gobelins and other tapestries which he rescued from lumber-rooms. He executed extensive works in the "Gallery of the Candelabra." He restored the "Borgia Chambers," and threw them open to the

public; and in these rooms he so carefully restored a series of frescoes by Pinturicchio that the result has been enormously to enhance the fame of that artist as a decorative painter. The wall paintings illustrative of the Path of the Saints and the Liberal Arts, adorning the "Hall of Mysteries," are now admitted to be among the finest specimens of this class of work in Europe.

But Leo XIII.'s most wide-reaching reform in the intellectual sphere took place in the realm of philosophy. Two huge evils had ever troubled his soul; one the estrangement of civil society from the Church, the other the alienation of man's intellect from the obedience of faith; and these evils he believed could be cured only by a sounder philosophy. The fundamental errors which are now jeopardizing the stability of society the Pope held to be philosophical rather than theological, and therefore he strove in the famous encyclical "Æterni Patris" to reinstate Christian philosophy by making the works of St. Thomas Aquinas the basis of University study and teaching. Scholasticism has indeed an ill sound in non-Catholic England, but only because it is neither read nor understood. With all respect for the competent authority of Dr. Cobham Brewer and the *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, the philosophy of the "Angelic Doctor" is *not* summed up in the question as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle! The object of Leo XIII. in this restoration of Scholasticism was not to arm Catholic controversialists with keen weapons of war against Protestantism, but to expound and defend the whole structure of revealed truth against the materialism of a godless age. His purpose was to defend, not Catholicity only, but Christianity also. Not unnaturally this encyclical, on its first appearance, was hotly attacked, as an attempt to flood the world with obsolete mediævalism and to fetter the mind

with an old unprogressiveness. But Leo XIII. knew better. He saw well enough that cobweb-spinning Idealism on the one hand and coarse Materialism on the other were sapping the very foundations of Christianity by the spirit of unbelief which they of necessity engender. As the *Times*, July 21, 1903, well said, this reversion to Thomistic Aristotelianism in place of "the new-fangled theories and adaptations of the last century" constitutes "even more than his diplomatic activity and his individual teaching, the most profound and the most enduring influence exercised by the great Pope over the future of the Roman Church and over the mind of the whole Catholic world."

When we turn from his more private work to the late Pope's public and political action, we are surprised at the enormous scope and variety of the work which the Holy Father has executed. On the very first page of the *Index Analyticus* of a volume of his *Acta* we find a long letter to the Archbishop of Dublin on Irish affairs, another to the Emperor of Germany on social questions, a brief for the foundation of an Armenian college, and an instruction to Cardinal Hergenroether on historical studies. As we turn over these interesting pages we meet with letters, briefs, allocutions, and other Papal utterances on such a variety of subjects as Socialism, Freemasonry, the foundation of a university in the United States, the rights of labour, the re-discovery of the bodies of St. James of Compostella and his two companions, St. Athanasius and St. Theodore; on liberty, on Scripture, on the re-erection of the archiepiscopal see of Carthage! There is a letter to the Emperor of China on liberty for Christians, a letter to Bismarck, a letter to the King of Portugal, and a document on the Syro-Malabar rites!

One may well ask how Leo XIII. managed to get

through all this work, and, more surprising still, how he found time for the recreation of verse-making, in which, as we know, he sought relaxation from severer engagements. This was his day: He rose at six, made a meditation, said Mass, spent a period in prayer and praise, and then took breakfast—a roll and a cup of black coffee. At eight he gave an audience to the Cardinal Secretary of State, and afterwards to the Cardinal Secretary of Ecclesiastical Affairs. Then to the various "congregations" of cardinals, each of which had its appointed day. These councils occupied the whole morning till dinner-time—one o'clock. That meal lasted half an hour. Then the Pope took the air, read the bishops' reports, and discussed the despatches from the Nunciatures. Towards four o'clock he gave public and private audiences, and the evenings were devoted to the reception of bishops, who were paying their visits *ad limina*. After this the Pope gained the solitude of his private chamber, and then only had he leisure for study and writing. It was during these hours of darkness and solitude that Leo XIII. thought out and composed in his own keen yet graceful style those many utterances which proved him a ruler, a statesman, a diplomatist, an administrator, and a scholar; which displayed his conciliatory bearing towards foreign Governments; which won him respect both from friend and foe for the nobility and simplicity of his personal character.

From his prison in the Vatican, during the quarter of a century of his Pontificate, Leo XIII. was issuing weighty decrees, which, from end to end of the earth, have been received by Catholics with gratitude and ready obedience, and by non-Catholics with respect and grave consideration. These decrees have extended over a wide range of faith and morals. But in a special manner they have insisted on the relative positions which the spiritual and civil powers ought

to occupy respectively to each other. Most of all did the late Pope repeat again and again that all power is from God, and that, consequently, to deny God is to deny the very basis of civil society. It was a saying of Guizot that the Roman Church is the greatest school of reverence that ever existed, and Pope Leo ever insisted on that truth. Five wounds he put his finger on in the body politic—wounds which are the necessary result of a denial of the supernatural. The first is the war *à outrance*, which the revolutionary spirit has declared against every form of government, from the autocracy of Russia to the democracy of America. Leo XIII. utterly denied the fundamental Socialistic contention that, because men are in the abstract alike in kind and in nature, therefore no social or economic distinctions are to be recognized in the concrete and in the ordinary business of life. The second wound is the denial of the indissolubility of Christian marriage which is the basis of family life and the foundation of Christian civilization. God is Sovereign, and has commanded that man shall not put asunder those whom He has joined together. The third wound is the denial of the rights of property by unbelievers, who, hopeless of the rewards of a future life, have, logically enough, resolved to seize a share in the good things of the present life. The fourth wound is the struggle of the governed against the authority that governs. The Pope emphatically denies that every man is his own master, and is amenable to the authority of another only in so far as he himself wills; that each man may think as he pleases and do what he likes; that no man has any right of command over another. This, the late Pope taught, is license and not liberty. Power and authority are from God, and rulers are something more than the delegates of the people's will. The fifth wound is a false philosophy, by which he meant a wrong and unscientific use of reason—

Idealism on the one hand, Materialism on the other; the latter denying the existence of the Soul and God, the former denying the existence of body and the possibility of knowing God. The Holy Father insisted on it that the modern world needs, but does not possess, a philosophical system which has "an equal regard for the rules of faith and for the dignity of all human knowledge." Leo XIII. willed to close this last and deepest wound by a loyal return to scholastic philosophy, modernized in language, of course, and adapted in setting to the requirements of the present day. As Scholasticism adapted Aristotelianism to the needs of the Middle Ages, so the modern spirit can adapt Scholasticism to the needs of modern times.

In his much discussed Encyclical on Labour the late Pope expressed his sympathy with the working classes, and pleaded for an amelioration of their lot, that by despair they might not be driven into Socialism. In his decree Leo sternly sets his face against the capitalists who grind the face of the worker, who regard the labourer as a mere money-making machine, and consider themselves at liberty to drive the hardest bargains with him. The Socialistic theory that the masses are the natural enemies of the classes, and that capitalist and labourer must live in perpetual conflict, he would not hear of. Capital and labour are mutually necessary, and differences are to be settled by the precepts of the Gospel. The workman is to work well and willingly; the capitalist is to treat the workman as a brother man, and not as a bondman. And, therefore, while Leo XIII. was utterly hostile to downright Socialism on the one hand, he was not less hostile to the bald Liberalism of the Manchester school on the other. In consequence, he argued for prudent State legislation in the regulation of labour and wages, and admonished the State

that its duty is to safeguard the interests of the working population. For progress is better than Socialistic violence, and reform is better than revolution.

Glancing at the great Pope's work from another point of view, we find him establishing a new hierarchy in Scotland, in Japan, in India, in Bosnia, and Herzegovina. He set on foot a Eucharistic Congress at Jerusalem, with a view to a *rapprochement* between the Eastern and Western Churches. We find him in most friendly communication with the Sublime Porte, and the Sultan officially confirms the Pope's appointment of Mgr. Abolionau to the Patriarchate of Babylon. By his tact he put an end to the Armenian schism, which was a Turkish reproduction of German "Old Catholicism"; he founded a national college in Rome for the Armenians; he created the Patriarch Mgr. Hassun a Cardinal, and summoned him to live in Rome. We find him again in personal and friendly correspondence with the Shah of Persia, with the Court of Pekin, with the Emperor of Japan, with the King of the Shoa Gallas.

In the Holy Father's relations with England it is a pleasure to recall the courtesies exchanged between him and our late gracious Queen Victoria on the occasion of their respective Jubilees. Nor is the public likely to forget Leo's Apostolic Letter to "the illustrious English nation," in which he gave eloquent expression to his cordial affection for the British nation. In that letter there was not a phrase that could annoy, little of the spirit of dogma, nothing of the spirit of aggressiveness. Nor was it even a direct summons to the English to re-enter the Roman fold and renew their spiritual allegiance to the Roman See, but rather an impassioned appeal that all would join in humble prayer to know God's will so that once again Christendom

might be united in that one faith which it was his desire that the nations should profess. This letter was cordially received in England. There will always, perhaps, be some Protestant to whom, regardless of gender, the Pope is ever "the Scarlet Woman" and the ill-famed female of Babylon. But the cordial tone of the Archbishop of Canterbury's reply made it evident that English opinion has vastly changed since the name of Pius IX. was hooted on every English platform, and Cardinal Wiseman, when about to lecture in the Liverpool Philharmonic Hall, was stoned in the public streets by an English mob.

In Germany the tact and gentleness of Pope Leo won him his first great victory. He clashed in the lists and unhorsed that sternest advocate and most unscrupulous employer of brute force, Prince Bismarck. The Kulturkampf was a duel between Church and State, and resulted, as every struggle to fetter the personal conscience must result, in a victory for the oppressed. The Emperor William I. and his "Iron Chancellor" were led by Leo XIII. to see that the worst foes of social order in the new empire were not the twenty millions of Catholics whose religious principles required them to be law-abiding, and that the dogma of Papal infallibility which inculcated the doctrine of authority was not the bugbear represented by Döllinger, and contained nothing adverse to the rights of civil government. That much-abused dogma taught no doubt that an infallible Bible requires a living and infallible voice both to guarantee and to interpret it; but how that can be an attack on secular power it is not easy to see. The expulsion of religious orders; the imprisonment of archbishops, bishops, and priests; the depriving in a single diocese of a hundred parishes of their pastors; the closing of episcopal colleges and the forcing of young ecclesiastics into State Universities; the attempt to withdraw German

Catholics from their allegiance to the Vatican, and to put them wholly under secular control—that, as Leo XIII. showed, was not the way to increase respect for authority, to safeguard a new-made empire, to shelter its ruler from murderous attack, and to prevent the whole fabric of German society from collapsing under the blows of discontented labour. Bismarck had said, "Whatever we do, we shall not go to Canossa." Such a literal humiliation was, indeed, not asked of him, but the Chancellor was led by the tactful Pope to acknowledge and repair his mistake. The Falk Ministry was defeated, and the Kultur-kampf ended in smoke.

The good feeling which thus arose between Germany and the Vatican was further cemented when Pope Leo was chosen by the Protestant Emperor and his Protestant Chancellor to be arbiter between Spain and Germany in the angry dispute about the Caroline Islands; and the remarkably prompt decision of the Papal tribunal, so often appealed to in past ages by nations and their rulers, set the quarrel at rest by a verdict which proved equally acceptable to both the contending parties. With William III. too Leo. XIII. was on terms not merely of political amity, but of personal friendship. Twice the Emperor visited the Prisoner Prince of the Vatican, made him rich presents, and spoke of him with unvarying respect; and when Leo died, the Emperor cut short his sea-trip and spoke of the Pope as "my personal friend."

In France Leo XIII. achieved less success, not from insufficiency of cause, but from insufficiency of effect. He failed, but it was France's fault, not his. For with France he displayed in his dealings not less enlightenment than with other nations. The rulers of the Republic, by the Education Law, the Military Law, and various other tyrannical enactments, had made an open and avowed attack on

Christianity—on Christian education, on the training of the Christian clergy, or the religious beliefs of the great majority of that Christian nation. The very mention of God was banned from the schools, candidates for the priesthood were compelled to serve in the barrack-room, the Christian religion was grossly insulted—not merely Catholicity, but Christianity! The creedless rulers of France were intent on the work of supplanting Christianity by Atheism. No wonder, therefore, that the French clergy, at home and abroad, and a large section of the French nation, had come to regard the Republic as their bitterest enemy. Yet here again the prudent Pope intervened. He decreed that Republicanism had become the *de facto* form of government, and therefore should be loyally obeyed. Leo XIII. distinguished between the Republic and the men who carry on the Republic, and while he protested against the outrageous tyranny of the latter, he generously recognized the validity of the former. He willed that Catholics should cordially obey the Republic, lest Republicans should confound Catholicity with Monarchism. The Catholic Church is bound up with no particular form of government. She flourishes not less vigorously in republican America than in monarchical Belgium or imperial Austria. The Pope earnestly exhorted Frenchmen not to subordinate the interests of the Church to the struggles of political parties, but to forget their differences, to combine on constitutional lines, and to force by the ballot-box what they will never attain by discussion. That, surely, was temperate and wise advice. Had the French Government accepted and acted on it, France might have become by this time the most united, the most opulent, and the most powerful of nations. On the acceptance and resolute execution of Leo's advice the future of France depended. But the bitter anti-Christian rulers of France

have thrown that advice to the winds, and now France is a house divided against itself, ready for ruin! That is the fault and folly of un-Christian Frenchmen, not the want of foresight of Leo XIII. *Ipsi viderint!*

But anxious as Leo XIII. ever showed himself to cultivate peace and amity with foreign sovereigns, there was one tremendous exception. With the kingdom of Italy, as such, he would have no friendship. There his attitude was sternly uncompromising. There he uttered an unfaltering *non possumus*. Pope Leo demanded, and in conscience was bound to demand, such a position as should subject him to no power which could trammel his action, and should leave him in possession of true and real freedom for the due governance of the Church. In the first year of his pontificate, Leo XIII. put down his foot with unmistakable decision, and never for a moment did he withdraw it: "In the first place, that we may assert to the best of our power the rights and liberty of this Holy See, we shall never cease to contend for the obedience due to our authority, for the removal of the obstacles which hinder the full liberty of our ministry, and for our restoration to that condition in which the counsels of the Divine Wisdom first placed the Roman bishops. We are not moved to demand this restoration by ambition or the desire of dominion, but by our office and by the religious oaths which bind us, and because this principality is necessary to preserve the full liberty of the spiritual power, and because it is clear that the cause of the public good and the safety of society are involved. Hence we cannot omit—because of our office, by which we are bound to defend the rights of Holy Church—to renew and confirm by these our letters all the declarations and protests which Pius IX. published and reiterated against the occupation of his civil principality and against the violation of the rights of the Roman

Church." It will of course be objected that Pope Leo's freedom of action was sufficiently safeguarded by the Italian Law of Guarantees. But the Law of Guarantees might at any time become a party cry. The Law of Guarantees might be unmade by the same power that made it, just as it has again and again been violated by the same power that promised to observe it. Certainly the wholesale spoliations in Rome, the seizure of foreign mission property abroad, the brutal insults offered to the dead body of Pius IX., and the repeated indignities heaped upon Pope Leo himself, afford no hope that the Italian Government would not repeal the Law of Guarantees to-morrow if it dared. If it dared! For the consensus of the world is at present against that further act of spoliation, and so, perforce, the Revolution holds its hand. Certain English organs might do well to remember that the plunder of the Papal Temporalities was an act of brigandage which, in face of the continual protest of the Roman See, can never be made valid by prescription; and their own feverish exhortations to the Pope to recognize the *fait accompli* and to give to the usurper the title-deeds of the Papal territories which he has seized *vi et armis* can have no other consequence but to prove to the world that in those Protestant writers the wish is father to the thought. Their suggestion is as unstatesmanlike as it is unjust; as impolitic as it is impossible. Leo XIII. retorted, in effect, "Do you, too, recognize the *fait accompli*? The Pope does not, and will never yield." At the Papal Jubilee, on February 19, 1893, eighty thousand people, of every nation under the sun, assembled in and around St. Peter's. When the enthusiastic cries of this vast multitude "*Viva il Papa Rè!*" thundered through the mighty Basilica, surely some suspicion must have crept into the minds of the Italian Ministers that it is suicidal folly for

them to try to maintain in Rome a rival and usurped Sovereignty against a Power that utterly overshadows that Sovereignty—a Power whose origin is all but lost in the mists of antiquity—a Power whose spiritual rule radiates beyond the Peninsula, beyond the Adriatic, beyond the Mediterranean, into the most distant countries of North and South, of East and West. For Italy to persevere in her hostility to the Holy See means for her certain ruin. Nine times before has the Roman Pontiff been deprived of Rome, and nine times he has regained it. And again he will regain it. As things stand, the kingdom of Italy cannot live. With a disunited people on the one hand, and sheer bankruptcy on the other, she can hardly last long. But it is easy for her to work out her own salvation. The remedy is in her own hands. Both justice and expediency are clamouring for the application of that remedy—the restoration of the Pope to his Temporal Power.

It has been said by the Protestant European Press that Pope Leo's uncompromising attitude to the usurper was the one blot in his otherwise brilliant career. It was no blot. The Moral Law did not permit him to act otherwise. The brave and unswerving adhesion of the old and feeble Prisoner-Prince of the Vatican to principle, where submission to a present expediency would have been easy and pleasant, is the brightest ray in the halo that crowns his brow.

On July 20th the solemn end came. After ninety-three years of life and of labour, in the sixty-sixth year of his Priesthood, in the sixtieth of his Episcopate, in the fiftieth of his Cardinalate, in the twenty-fifth of his Sovereign Pontificate, Joachim Pecci, Pope Leo XIII., died. And nine days later, amid the solemn dirges of the Catholic

world which he had ruled so long and so illustriously, amid the earnest encomiums of the non-Catholic world which he had striven so cordially and so tactfully to conciliate, the great Pontiff was laid to rest. How the world wept for him! How heartily men praised him! In a long and generous memoir, and in a graceful and sympathetic leading article, the *Times* newspaper voiced the sentiments of the Anglo-Saxon nations, whose "seriousness, frankness, and sense of fair-play" the great Pope had learned to admire and respect. The *Times* spoke of "the deep and real interest and sorrow which the death of Pope Leo XIII. has caused among all sorts and conditions of men in this strongly Protestant Empire. . . . We recognize that in Leo XIII. there has passed away a personality of singular dignity and elevation. . . . In every civilized land, men, whose views of religious and of social questions differ profoundly from the doctrines he inherited and taught, will join his spiritual children in mourning with unfeigned sorrow the bereavement which has befallen the Roman Catholic Church. In the exalted and singularly difficult station which he has filled for more than five-and-twenty eventful years, he has so borne himself as to command the respectful admiration of all good men. . . . Pope Leo had many sorrows and many disappointments. But perhaps the best proof of the real greatness, as of the real goodness, of the man is that they neither broke his courage nor soured his heart. He did not shut his eyes to the tendencies of the time, or to the many points in which they threaten the fundamental doctrines of his creed. But never doubting that the cause of his Church was the cause of truth, and that truth in the end must prevail, he never suffered the bitterness of the present to overcloud his serene confidence in the moral victories and triumphs of the next age. He faced the evil days of his

Pontificate with a royal courage, and with a largeness and gentleness of heart befitting his sacred calling."

> "It is finished—the cup of pain!
> It is over—the righteous reign!
> Rome's prisoner is enlarged again."

[We may call attention to the lively interest taken by Pope Leo in our Catholic Truth Society. Not only did the Holy Father grant indulgences to the Society, but on more than one occasion, in public audiences to Englishmen, cleric and lay, he inquired into its work. Indeed, it is said that he once expressed the hope that an Italian Truth Society might be established on our lines. Not only, then, has the Universal Church lost a wise, zealous, and saintly chief, but the Catholic Truth Society, in particular, mourns a Sovereign Pontiff who encouraged its work and blessed its workers.]

NOCTURNA INGEMISCENTIS ANIMAE MEDITATIO.

FATALIS ruit hora, LEO; jam tempus abire est,
Pro meritisque viam carpere perpetuam.
Quae te sors maneat? caelum sperare iubebant
Largus contulerat quae tibi dona Deus.
At summae claves, immenso pondere munus
Tot tibi gestum annos, haec meditare gemens:
Qui namque in populis excelso praestat honore,
Hei misero, poenas acrius inde luet.
Haec inter trepido dulcis succurrit imago,
Dulcior atque animo vox sonat alloquii:
"Quid te tanta premit formido? aevique peracti
Quid seriem repetens, tristia corde foves?
Christus adest miserans: humili veniamque roganti
Erratum, ah fidas! eluet omne tibi."

LEO XIII.

TRANSLATION OF THE PRECEDING.

LEO, the fateful hour draws nigh,
When thou the way must tread,
The endless way, whereto thy sins
And merits may have led.
What lot awaits thee? Once the gifts,
By God so freely given,
Emboldened thee, so largely blest,
To deem thy goal was heaven.
But Peter's Keys, so many years
By thee sustained alone—
A burden vast, a weight immense—
Oh think of these and groan!
For he who 'midst the nations stands,
With highest honours crowned,
Must keener pang of anguish feel
Should any fault be found!
Whereat, unto my trembling soul,
A vision sweet appears;
And sweeter sounds the soothing voice,
Which falls upon my ears.
"Why let this pressing fear, my son,
On thee such shadows cast?
Why nurse a sorrow in thy heart,
By conning o'er the past?
Christ succoureth the humble, who
Asks pardon in his pain.
Oh, trustful be, and of each fault
He shall wash out the stain."

LEO PATER OMNIUM CREDENTIUM.

(The tribute of an "Outsider" to Leo the Thirteenth.)

Leo the Good! Thus have we learned his name;
And thus shall future ages vaunt his fame.
A Rock unmoved 'midst fortune's brawling stream!
Heart undismayed! As in the old Greek's dream,[1]
"*The Lion bore with stern enduring soul*
Things unendurable"—nor lost control.
Strong, firm, unbending, in his Church's cause,
Guardian implacable of Christian laws,
Yet keen in pity for the poor and weak.
Undaunted, swift in Right's behalf to speak—
Deeming the whole world's woes within his ken.
A man of boundless charity to men,
Whose hands, 'midst direst insult and distress,
Were never raised to ban, but aye to bless.
God rest his soul! for we outside the gate,
Whose lot must needs be but to watch and wait,
Marked, in the course of each completed year,
How, more and more, this blessed truth grew clear:—
Christ gave to Peter—so His own words tell—
"The Keys of Heaven"—not "Keys of Death and Hell"[2]

[1] πλῆθι λέων, ἄτλητα παθὼν, τετληότι θυμῷ (*Herodotus v.* 56).
[2] *Apocal.* i. 18.

IN MEMORIAM LEONIS DECIMI TERTII

(From "Punch")

There in the hushed Cathedral's holy calm,
Dim lights about him, and the dome above,
He sleeps—immortal by the spirit-balm
Of universal love.

Still over lips and brow where life has passed
Lingers the smile of faith serenely fair;
The hands that blessed the world are folded fast
As in the act of prayer.

The long day closes and the strife is dumb.
Thither he goes where temporal loss is gain,
Where he that asks to enter must become
A little child again.

And since in perfect humbleness of heart
He sought his Church's honour, not his own,
All faiths are one to share the mourner's part
Beside the empty throne.

High Guardian of the mysteries of God,
His circling love enwrapped the human race
For every creed the Pontiff's lifted rod
Blossomed with flowers of grace.

The nation's peace he had for dearest cause;
Kings from his counsel caught a starry sign;
Christlike he fostered loyalty to laws,
These earthly, those divine.

So shall the heart of grief not soon be cold,
There least, where loyal tributes crown the way
Of Ireland's King whose hand, as friends may hold,
He held but yesterday.[1] O. S.

[1] The King and Queen landed in Ireland the day after the Pope's death. Edward VII. had lately returned from a visit to Leo XIII.

THRENODY OVER LEO XIII.

(*From "John Bull."*)

It is finished—the cup of pain!
It is over—the righteous reign!
Rome's prisoner is enlarged again.

Close his eyes! now vacant quite,
That in ours, with benison bright
Poured but now their last love-light.

The hands that his beloved ones blessed,
So late—Oh, cross them on his breast;
For through the Cross he has found his rest.

. . . . .

This was he, the Noble's son,
Who, ere his youthful race was run,
Learning's laurels all had won,
But held that token of the dove,
The spirit's olive branch of Love,
Learning's laurel far above.

Yet this was he whose Christian sword,
In fiery service for his Lord,
Broke Perugia's bandit horde.
Then he passed, a Legate, forth
Among the Nations of the North
And added wisdom to his worth,
Noting with pungent Pastoral pen
Each cause that binds or breaks again
The social hierarchy of men.

Who next, caught back to Italia's clime,
Endured, obscured, a trial time
That but made sweet not soured his prime.
Neglect surceased and favour came
With crescent honours, until his name
Went forth on wings of wildest fame.
Till, gathered o'er all lands and seas,
His Church's Great Ones on their knees
Gave him the Triple Crown and Keys.
And risen to the stature rare,
That may alone their burthen bear,
He ruled with Christ-like strength and care.

Yet through the stormy years, because
He deemed it owing to God's laws,
His Palace still a Prison was,
Wherefrom, as erst from fettered Paul,
His Peace went forth, till well-nigh all
His children heard and owned his call.

. . . . .

But on his dying slumber see!
What light has stricken suddenly?
His chains fall from him—he is free!

And lo! the Angel with the sword,
Past Earth's utmost watch and ward,
Leads and leads him to his Lord.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE

"The Catholic Church fears and hates the Bible, and does all she can to keep it a closed book. In fact Catholics may not read the Bible." This in a few words is the genuine belief of many Protestants as to the attitude of the Catholic Church towards the Bible. In fairness then let them just glance down the following pages to see what Catholics have to say about the matter. The facts given are only a few out of many, but they are sufficient to show that the Protestant belief is entirely wrong. The Catholic Church, astonishing as it may seem to some, surpasses all in the reverence which she pays to the Sacred Writings, and in the zeal and care with which she promotes their study. Before the "reformers" began their work in Europe, the Catholic Church taught the people the Bible in a way that no Protestant Church has ever done since; indeed, the Reformation instead of giving the people the Bible, took it away from them.

I. What the Church thinks of the Bible.

1. Pope Pius VI. (1778) wrote, "At a time when a great number of bad books . . . . are circulated among the unlearned, . . . you judge exceedingly well that the *faithful should be excited to the reading of the Bible;* for

this is the most abundant source which ought to be left open to every one to draw from it purity of morals and of doctrine. . . . This you have seasonably effected . . . *by publishing the Bible in the language of your country* [viz., Italian] suitable to every one's capacity." This letter has since been commonly printed at the beginning of popular editions of the Catholic Bible.

2. Pope Pius VII. (1820) urged the English Bishops to encourage their people to read the Bible, saying: "Nothing can be more useful, more consolatory, more animating; because the Holy Scriptures (*i.e.* the Bible) serve to confirm the faith, to support the hope, and to inflame the charity of the true Christian."

3. The late Pope, Leo XIII., did much to promote the reading of the Holy Scriptures. He founded a "Congregation" for the advancement of Biblical studies; he addressed a letter to the whole Church on the subject of the reading and study of the Holy Writ; and he has granted an indulgence to those who devoutly read the Holy Scriptures daily. This indulgence, dated December 13, 1898, is as follows:— "His Holiness Leo XIII., at an audience on December 13, 1898, with the undersigned Prefect of the Congregation of Indulgences and Relics, made known that he grants to all the faithful who shall have devoutly read the Scriptures for at least a quarter of an hour an indulgence of three hundred days, to be gained once a day, provided that the edition of the Gospel has been approved by legitimate authority. Furthermore, the Sovereign Pontiff grants monthly a plenary indulgence to all those who shall have read in this way every day of the month. It can be gained on the day of the month when, after Confession and Communion, those who have fulfilled the conditions shall have offered up the customary prayers for the intentions of the Holy See." In the City of Rome the "Society of St. Jerome for the spread of the Holy Gospels" (which has its depôts all over Italy,

Sicily, and Sardinia) has published in Italian the four Gospels and the Acts, with introductory chapters, notes, and very full indexes—at the extremely low price of twenty centimes.

4. Cardinal Gibbons, in his book *The Faith of Our Fathers*, after describing the course of studies on the Holy Scriptures usually undertaken by those who are preparing for the priesthood in the Catholic Church, says: "After his ordination every priest is obliged in conscience to devote upwards of an hour each day to the perusal of the Word of God. I am not aware that clergymen of other denominations are bound by the same duty. What is good for the clergy must be good, also, for the laity. Be assured that, if you become a Catholic, you will never be forbidden to read the Bible. It is our earnest wish that every word of the gospel may be imprinted on your memory and on your heart." The American Catholic Bishops, assembled in Council at Baltimore, say to their people: "It can hardly be necessary to remind you, that *the most highly valued treasure of every family*, and the most frequently and lovingly made use of, *should be the Holy Scriptures* (*i.e.*, the Bible). We trust that no family can be found amongst us, without a correct version of the Holy Scriptures."

5. The late Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, in his pamphlet on *Spiritual Reading* (p. 6), says of the Holy Scriptures: "They were written for our learning, that through patience and the comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope" (Rom. xv.)—and "they are profitable to teach, to reprove, to correct, to instruct in justice, that the man of God *may be perfect*, finished in every good work" (2 Tim. iii.). He also quotes to the same effect St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostom, St. Augustine, St. Ambrose—some of whose words you will read further on. The Cardinal also writes (p. 33): "As to the books we should read, no exact rule can be given, except this,

that the Holy Gospels are always applicable and in season"; learned by every Catholic: "We ought frequently to read good books, such as the *Holy Gospels*, the lives of the Saints, and other spiritual works, which nourish our faith and piety and arm us against the false maxims of the world." In a leaflet entitled *The Bishops and the Bible*, published by the Catholic Truth Society, letters are given from twenty-six archbishops and bishops of Great Britain, in which their lordships approve of recent English editions of the Holy Scriptures and encourage the reading of the Bible.

6. The Catholic Church teaches that God's Holy Spirit is the Author of the Bible, and that the authority of the Bible is above that of all human reason: that consequently any disrespect shown to the Bible by wrongly explaining it, by laughing at it, by turning it to profane uses, by throwing contempt upon it, or by attacking its sacred character is an offence against God.

7. Until quite recent times the most famous commentators on the Scriptures have been theologians of the Catholic Church: for instance, Cornelius à Lapide, Cardinal Toletus, Maldonatus, à Piconio, Jansenius (Bishop of Ypres), Estius, and many more. And in our own times there are many learned and well-known Catholic Scripturists.

8. *Opinions of Saints of the Church.* "Love the Bible, and God's Holy Spirit will love thee; cherish it and it will save thee, honour it and it will protect thee."[1] "To be ignorant of the Bible is to be ignorant of Christ."[2] "Full of delights is the Word of God; from it every one draws what he needs."[3] "Let the Bible be ever in your hands, that like a shield it may turn aside the thoughts which trouble your souls."[4] "Love the Bible and you will not love the sins of the flesh."[5] "Read it frequently;

[1] St. Jerome, *Ep.* 130. n. 10.
[2] Id. *prolog. in Isaiam.*
[3] Id. *Brev.* in ps. 147. v. 14.
[4] Id. *Ep.* 79. n. 9.
[5] Id. *Ep.* 125. n. 11.

learn as much as you can; let sleep find you with the Book in your hand, and let the sacred page receive your head as it drops in sleep."[1] "Human nature has no suffering whether in body or soul that does not find its solace in the Bible."[2] "The Scriptures are letters sent to us from heaven."[3] "The Bible changes the heart of him who reads, drawing him from worldly desires to embrace the things of God."[4] "The earnest reading of the Scriptures purifies all things."[5] "What page, what word of the Bible that is not the truest rule for human life!"[6] "How sweet, O Lord, is Thy spirit which the humble and pure heart drinks in by the love of Thy holy Scriptures."[7]

"To think over the account given in the holy Gospels is alone sufficient to inflame a faithful soul with Divine love. The contemplations which devout authors have written on the Passion are useful and beautiful, but assuredly a single word of Holy Writ makes a deeper impression on a Christian than a hundred or a thousand contemplations and revelations ascribed to some holy souls; for the Scriptures assure us that whatsoever they attest is certain with the certainty of Divine Faith."[8]

"Excuse not thyself from reading by saying, I have a trade, a wife, or a family. Thou hast all the greater need of the consolation and instruction of the Gospel."[9] "The whole of the Scripture tends to this:—to recall us from evil through fear, to stimulate us to good through love."[10]

"To neglect the reading of the Bible is as if we were

[1] St. Jerome, *Ep.* 22. n. 17. [2] St. Chrysostom, *hom.* 29. n. 1
[3] St. Augustine, *In ps.* 90, serm. 2. n. 1.
[4] St. Greg. Mag. *Moral*, l. 20. c. 1.
[5] St. Augustine, *serm.* 302. n. 2. [6] St. Benedict, *Reg.* c. 73.
[7] Trithemius, *de vir. illust.* l. 2. c. 145.
[8] St. Alphonsus Liguori.
[9] St. John Chrysostom, *hom.* 8 *in Lucam.*
[10] Hugo a St. Charo, *prol. in lib. Judicum.*

to refuse light in darkness, shade in the burning heat, medicine in sickness." [1]

"The King of heaven, the Lord of Angels and of men, hath sent you letters to be your life, and do you neglect to read them fervently?" [2]

Such expressions are common with all Catholic writers on the Bible.

6. *Opinions of the Monks.* I give the opinion of the monks, because, as every one knows, the learning of the middle ages was almost entirely in their hands, and because in England, up to the time of the Reformation, their monasteries covered the land and they were the great teachers of the people, both rich and poor. In most of these houses the monks lived according to the Rule of St. Benedict, who in one chapter lays down seventy instructions for leading a perfect Christian life. According to this rule, so much of the monk's day was to be spent in reading or chanting portions of the Bible in the Church. A considerable time each day was to be given also to the study of the Sacred Scriptures; much of it was to be learnt by heart; it was to be read aloud during meals, and during their other work the monks were to think over what they had been reading. And a thousand years after St. Benedict gave his Rule, a Benedictine monk wrote these words: "Two things have maintained the vigour and discipline of our Order, the love of God and the study of the Bible."

Of the Venerable Bede—a learned monk of Wearmouth who died in 735—the Anglican Bishop Fuller says: "He expounded almost all the Bible [and] translated the Psalms and New Testament into English." With almost his last breath he finished the translation of the Gospel of St. John.

After the Sacred Scriptures, scarcely any devotional book is so highly esteemed or so much read as *The*

[1] St. Odo of Cluny, *Collat.* c 1.
[2] St. Greg. M. l. 4. Ep. 31.

Imitation of Christ. The author of this book was a monk of Holland, Thomas a Kempis, who died in 1471. Now the *Imitation* is full of Scriptural references and is almost written in Biblical language, which shows that the author, a monk, must have had a thorough knowledge of Holy Scriptures. Thomas a Kempis had himself made a copy of the whole Bible, and in one of his sermons (20th to the Brethren) he commends the copying of the Holy Scriptures, because by this means the sacred writings are better known.

"If the Catholic Church" (I can imagine some one saying) "holds such opinions about the Bible as these, why does she not use the Bible?" Let us see what use she does make of it.

II. How Catholics use the Bible.

1. The public prayer books of the Catholic Church are the Breviary and the Missal, or Mass-book. The Breviary is taken almost entirely from the Bible; and nearly the whole of the Mass-book is but a reprint from the Bible, so that to read the Breviary or the Mass-book is to read the Bible.

Catholic priests are solemnly bound by their profession to read portions of the Breviary daily to an amount which occupies about an hour. In our larger churches, in monasteries and convents this is publicly chanted and occupies about two hours. The Mass also is said daily in our Churches, and not only on Sundays.

Thus you see that the Bible is never long out of the hands of the Catholic priest. Certainly the clergy of no other denomination make such frequent, such devout, such careful use of the Bible, nor on any other clergy is the daily private reading of the Bible made obligatory.

Here I may add that in order that the priest may perform its sacred offices fittingly as well as be capable of preaching God's Word to the people, the Catholic

Church allows no one to be ordained until he has spent some years in the study of the Scriptures, and she charges her ministers to be earnest in explaining the Sacred Text to the faithful.

2. You have seen that the Mass-book and Breviary are little else than reprints from the Bible. I need not remind you that the Mass is the great public prayer of Catholics. And if you are ever present at Mass you will see that when the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ is read the people stand, and the priest kisses the book out of reverence and love for the word of God. As to the Breviary, it is a common thing for the laity to attend portions of its daily services: and before the Reformation nearly all who could read used to have copies of the Gospels, or of the psalter, or of that part of the services known as the "Little Hours," and were accustomed to read these at the fixed hours of the day.

3. It is a custom with many of the laity and with all the Catholic clergy to spend half an hour a day in a form of prayer called *meditation*, which nearly always consists in thinking upon some portion of the Bible, and then forming upon it some prayer to God. Here are the directions for "meditation" taken from a book used throughout Europe.

"When you offer up every morning, as you ought to do, the first fruits of the day given you by God, you should *select some text from the Bible*. . . . And then placing yourself on your knees if you can—and if you cannot, in some respectful attitude before the throne of God, you should proceed to analyse this text in order to arrive at the depth of its meaning, being well assured that nothing superfluous ever issued from the mouth of God. . . . You should then *consider what rules can be extracted from it for the guidance of life*. And, finally, you should give vent to your feelings of confusion, compunction, fear, gratitude, joy, praise, admiration or love, concluding with humble prayer. . . . And you should

not then dismiss the text altogether from your thoughts, but *keep it in your mind* . . . . that you may be able . . . during the day to repeat it." This is the common form of meditation among Catholics.

4. The books of private prayers in common use among Catholics such as the *Garden of the Soul*, and the Bishops' *Manual of Prayers* consist largely of extracts from the Bible, and the rest is saturated with the thoughts and events contained in the Scriptures, even when the exact words of the sacred text are not used, as in the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, the prayers of thanksgiving, the prayer for the King, &c.

This will be sufficient to show you that the Catholic Church holds the Bible in the highest estimation as being the comfort, the safeguard, the instructor, and the delight of the soul of man, and that as containing the forms of prayer to God; she has ever made daily use of it in her public offices, in the Mass, in her popular and private devotions, and is sufficient also to expose to you the falsehood and ignorance which accuse the Catholic Church of neglecting and fearing, even of hating the Bible.

III. The People owe the Bible to the Catholic Church.

The Protestant story is that Luther "discovered" the Latin Bible about 1507; that he was the first to translate it into German; that other reformers followed his example and made the first translation of the Bible into the languages of their countries; and that then for the first time the people came to know the Bible, for up to that date the Catholic Church had kept the Bible away from them. *All this is untrue.*

I. 1. The Protestant *Church Times*, July 26, 1878, says: "This catalogue [of Bibles in the Caxton Exhibi-

tion at South Kensington 1877] will be very useful for one thing at any rate, as *disproving the popular lie about Luther finding the Bible* for the first time at Erfurt, about 1507. Not only are there very many editions of the Latin Vulgate, [*i.e.*, the Bible in Latin, the very thing Luther is pretended to have discovered,] but there are actually *nine German Editions of the Bible* in the Caxton Exhibition *earlier than* 1483, *the year of Luther's birth*, and at least three more before the end of the century."

2. We will now see what *Bibles the Catholic Church had printed before any Protestant Bibles* appeared. Remember that in those days all who could read, read Latin, and even preferred to read a Latin Bible rather than one in their own language. Before Luther's pretended discovery of the Bible, the Catholic Church had printed *over* 100 *editions* of the Latin Bible, which means many thousands of copies.

In *German* there were 27 editions before Luther's Bible appeared.

In *Italian* there were over 40 editions of the Bible before the first Protestant edition appeared.

There were *two in Spain* by 1515, one with the express *permission of the Spanish Inquisition*.

In *French* there were 18 editions by 1547: the first Protestant version appearing in 1535.

Speaking of *England* Canon Dixon, of Carlisle (Protestant), says: "From the earliest times the English Church or nation was possessed of the Sacred writings (*i.e.*, the Bible) through the labours of monks and bishops."

3. Sir Thomas More, who was beheaded by Henry VIII. for refusing to acknowledge the King as head of the Church, referring to a supposed law forbidding any English version of the Bible says that it is unnecessary to defend the law, "for there is none such, indeed. There is of truth a Constitution which speaks of this

matter, but nothing of such fashion. For you shall understand that the great arch-heretic Wycliffe, whereas the whole Bible was long before his days by virtuous and well learned men translated into the English tongue, and by good and godly people and with devotion and soberness well and reverently read, took upon himself to translate it anew. In this translation he purposely corrupted the holy text, maliciously planting in it such words, as might in the readers' ears serve to prove such heresies as he 'went about' to sow.

"This is the law that so many have so long spoken about, and so few have all this time sought to look whether they say the truth or not. For I hope you see in this law nothing unreasonable, since it neither forbids good translations to be read that were already made of old before Wycliffe's time, nor condemns his because it was new, but because it was 'naught.' Neither does it prohibit new translations to be made, but provides that if they are badly made they shall not be read till they are thoroughly examined and corrected." More tells us, "I myself have seen and can show you Bibles, fair and old, written in English, which have been known and seen by the Bishop of the diocese, and left in the hands of laymen and women whom he knew to be good and Catholic people, who used the books with devotion and soberness."[1]

You see therefore that it is silly to talk of the Protestant Churches being the first to give the Bible to the people.

II. But what had the Catholic Church done to spread a knowledge of the Bible before printing was invented in 1440, *i.e.*, all through the early and middle ages?

1. Rev. E. Cutts, D.D. (Protestant) says: "Some people think that [the Bible] was very little read [in the

[1] *Dialogue*, ap. Gasquet, *Eve of the Reformation*, ch. viii.

middle ages] even by the clergy; whereas *the fact* is that the sermons of the mediæval preachers are more full of Scripture quotations and allusions than any sermons in these days; and the writers on other subjects are so full of Scriptural allusion, that it is evident their minds were saturated with Scriptural diction. . . . . Another common error is, that the clergy were unwilling that the laity should read the Bible for themselves, and carefully kept it in an unknown tongue, that the people might not be able to read it. The truth is, that most people, who could read at all could read Latin, and would certainly prefer to read the authorised Vulgate to any vernacular version," *i.e.*, preferred the Latin Bible to a Bible in their own language.

2. The *Quarterly Review* (Oct. 1879) says: "The notion that people in the middle ages did not read their Bibles is probably exploded, except among the more ignorant of controversialists. . . . The notion is not simply a mistake, it is one of the most ludicrous and grotesque blunders."

3. Dr. Maitland, another Protestant, says: "The writings of the Dark Ages [*i.e.*, the middle ages] are, if I may use the expression, made of the Scriptures. I do not merely mean that the writers constantly quoted the Scriptures, and appealed to them as authorities on all occasions though they did this, and it is a strong proof of their familiarity with them but I mean that they thought and spoke and wrote the words the thoughts and phrases of the Bible, and that they did this constantly and habitually as the natural mode of expressing themselves. They did it, too, not exclusively in theological or ecclesiastical matters, but in histories, biographies, familiar letters, legal instruments, and documents of every description. I do not know that I can fully express my meaning, but perhaps I may render it more clear if I repeat that I do not so much refer to direct quotations of Scripture, as to the fact that their ideas

seem to have fallen so naturally into the words of Scripture, that they were constantly referring to them in a way of passing allusion, which is now very puzzling to those who are unacquainted with the phraseology of the Vulgate, and forms one of the greatest impediments in the way of many who wish to read their works." (*Dark Ages*, No. xxvii.)

4. It was the *principal occupation of the monks to study the Bible and multiply copies of it.* In the monasteries one of the chief places was set aside for this work. Even bishops and nuns sometimes wrote out the whole Bible with their own hand. Dr. Maitland, referring to the labours of the monks and nuns in the "Scriptorium," or writing-room, cites (No. xxiv.) the cases of the monk Othlonus and the nun Diemudis, each of whom copied an almost incredible number of works. Othlonus mentions "three books of the Gospels, and two with the Epistles and Gospels, which are called Lectionaries"; the names of the other books copied by him are not given. But the industry of the nun Diemudis was even greater than that of Othlonus, and in the account of the volumes written by her hand are, "A Bible in two volumes," "A Bible in three volumes," "a book with the Gospels," "a book with the Epistles," and a number of commentaries on the Sacred Scriptures by St. Gregory, St. Augustine, St. Jerome, and other ancient writers. Othlonus and Diemudis both lived in the middle of the eleventh century, in Germany. In England also many monks and nuns spent a great part of their time in copying the Sacred Scriptures. Some of these copies, written with great care and in many instances beautifully illuminated, are still to be seen in the British Museum, but the greater number of them were destroyed during the time of the Reformation.

III. These facts make it certain that those who could read, like the clergy, the nuns and the few learned laity, had plenty of Bibles, and evidently read and studied

them ; but by far the greater number of the laity could not read : how were they taught the Bible ? They were taught by the clergy and monks, who used as means of instruction, paintings and stained glass illustrating the events and lessons of the Bible, *poetry* in the hymns which embodied Bible history and teaching, *music* to which they set words from the Bible, the *stage* by sacred representations of scenes from the Old and New Testament, and the *Ceremonial* of the services of the Church in which, as the year went round, were presented, sometimes in almost dramatic form, the principal events of the life of Christ, and the history of God's dealings with man.

In those days, as said the Catholic Synod of Bishops at Arras in 1203, "Painting was the book of the ignorant, who could read no other." And for this reason in Catholic countries the walls of churches, of monasteries, of cemeteries, of cloisters, are covered with paintings representing scenes from the Old and New Testament. And in England up to the Reformation, the Catholic Church used all these ways to teach the people the Bible.

"In this country," writes Henry Morley (Protestant), in his *First Sketch of English Literature*, "the taste for miracle plays was blended with the old desire to diffuse, as far as possible, a knowledge of religious truth ; and therefore the sets of miracle plays acted by our town-guilds placed in the streets, as completely as might be, a living picture-Bible before the eyes of all the people."

In Germany there was a celebrated set of 40 or 50 pictures of Bible subjects so popular and so much used that it was known as the *Bible of the Poor*.

Thus, you see, before the Reformation not only were there plenty of Bibles for those who could read, but the Catholic Church made use of every means at her disposal to teach the Bible to those who could not read.

IV. What then did the Reformers really do about

the Bible? They pulled down the monasteries, where the Bibles were preserved and copied; they destroyed Bibles—any one of which would have been worth £40 or £50—by "shiploads"; they drove out all the monks, who had been the great copiers, explainers, and teachers of the Bible. Then they took away completely the Bible from the poor, by destroying the paintings, stained glass, and ornaments of the churches, by doing away with the ceremonial of the Catholic Church, and by destroying or forfeiting the property of the Catholic guilds: and they have left the people for generations, even to the present generation, without any Bible or means of learning the Bible; for not only did they destroy the "Bible of the Poor," but the new Protestant clergy, from their own ignorance and want of zeal for souls, never took the same pains as the old Catholic priests and monks to teach the Bible to those who could not read. And now after destroying the result of centuries of labour of the Catholic Church, after sweeping away as idolatrous the religious art of the Catholic middle ages, by which the people were taught the history and lessons of the Bible, after leaving the people for 300 years without their Bible, the Protestant teachers at last find that they must go back to the old methods, by which the Catholic Church, up to the time of the Reformation, so successfully taught the people the word of God.

IV. The Catholic Church and Bible Reading.

I. There are innumerable translations of the Bible into modern languages. Of these translations even those into the same language frequently differ very much, and often differ in most important passages. It is clear that these different translations cannot all give truly and faithfully the inspired sense of God's Word as it was in the original Hebrew, Greek, or Latin. In other words, if by the Bible we mean the sacred writings in their

inspired sense, and we can only mean this, we must declare that many of these translations are not the Bible at all, but only the work of men, who have put their own meaning in the place of the inspired sense of God's Word.

II. Thus the Albigenses taught that the visible world was created by an evil God, who was also the author of the Old Testament, and they quoted Rom. v. 20, together with other passages from the Scripture to prove this. They also asserted that the Body of Christ was not real, and that sins committed after Baptism could not be forgiven. To support these errors they made a new translation of the Bible and explained it in their own sense. (Hallam, *Middle Ages*, ch. ix.)

III. The history of the authorized English version itself will show you how many English Bibles have been so incorrect that we cannot call them Bibles at all. The pedigree of the Protestant English Bible is this: Tyndale's New Testament under Henry VIII., then Cranmer's Great Bible (1539), then the Bishops' Bible (1568) under Elizabeth, then the Authorized Version (1611) under James I., and finally the Revised Version under Queen Victoria (1881). Each of these editions of the Bible was brought out because the previous one was found not to give the Word of God in its true sense.

The Rev. J. H. Blunt, in his *History of the Reformation of the Church of England*, says: "In some editions of Tyndale's New Testament there is what must be regarded as a wilful omission of the gravest possible character, for it appears in several editions, and has no shadow of justification in the Greek or Latin of the passage (1 Peter ii. 13, 14). Such an error was quite enough justification for the suppression of Tyndale's translation."

With regard to the Great Bible, Cranmer himself declared to Convocation "that in the translations both

of the Old and New Testaments there were many points which required correction." And he took a vote of the Upper House as to whether the "Great" Bible could be retained without scandal to the learning of the clergy. It was decided by a majority of the Bishops that it should not be retained. (Blunt, *Reformation*, 1. c. 10.) This Great Bible was succeeded by the Bishops' Bible, which was displaced in a few years by another version, and this in its turn was put aside by the Authorized Version of James I., which was corrected in 1881 by the Revised Version.

I will give you one example to show you how untrustworthy even the Authorized Version is. In 1 Cor. xi. 27, this version reads, "whoever shall eat this bread *and* drink this cup of the Lord unworthily shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." This text is of great importance, as it has been used to support the teaching of the Protestant Churches as to the necessity of communion under both kinds. The Revised Version, however, corrects this translation, and the text now stands "whoever shall eat this bread *or* drink this cup, &c.," which is the translation given in the English Catholic Bible, and it confirms the Catholic teaching of communion under one kind. As to the Victorian revision, many learned men consider that in many places it gives an incorrect translation. Thus you see that the English Protestant translation of the Bible has been changed many times and gave false meanings in very important passages.

IV. Now what does the Catholic Church do about reading the Bible in *these translations?*

1. First, you must remember what I have told you about the Catholic Church encouraging Bible-reading in correct translations, and also remember that the Catholic Church made her own translations of the Bible into modern languages, as soon as ever the people could read them and wanted them, and LONG BEFORE PRO-

TESTANTS took the matter in hand. (See Hallam, *Middle Ages*, ch. ix.)

2. Secondly, the Catholic Church never forbade reading the Bible until the time of the Albigenses, of whom I have just told you, when she very rightly forbade *their* translations to be read.

3. You have seen how many incorrect translations of the English Bible were printed. With regard to all these and other translations of the Bible a Catholic would say, "My Church has her own translations of the Bible into all modern languages, so that we do not require any other translations." Moreover, as you have seen, we find that many of the translations made by Protestants and others are full of errors, some of the gravest kind, so our Church forbids us to read them. And if the errors in the translations are serious, she points out that the translation is really not the Bible at all, and says that the translator has turned the Gospel of God into a "Gospel of Man," or even into a "Gospel of the Devil." Now you can see that this is not the same thing as forbidding us to read the Bible, nor is it calling God's Holy Word a "Gospel of the Devil." Our Church also, when it finds men spreading about copies of these translations, as do the Bible Societies, condemns these Societies. Sometimes these Bible Societies have tried to spread Bibles among the children of the Irish Schools, and our Church very rightly disapproves of this, for all sensible people are agreed that it is not right to let children have the whole Bible to read.

4. You see then how careful the Catholic Church is to secure correct translations of the Bible for Catholics to read. Compare this with the way Luther acted. One day Luther was found translating a passage of the Bible by "Man is justified by faith *alone*," whereas the true translation should be merely "Man is justified by faith"! When his companion objected to his altering

the Word of God in this way, he answered: "Your Papist makes a great fuss about this addition of the word 'only.' Tell him, Dr. Martin Luther wills that it should be translated in this way. . . . We do not wish to be the disciples of Papists, who look on altering the Scriptures as a sin" (Döllinger, *Reformation*, vol. iii.).

5. The truth then of the whole matter is this: The Catholic Church has the highest reverence for the Bible because it is the Word of God.

By her laws she obliges all her clergy to study it. By the instructions of Popes and Bishops she urges the laity to read it. The writings of her Saints and great teachers are full of passages pointing out the priceless treasure we possess in the Bible, and insisting on the duty of its reverent study.

The Holy Scriptures are available to every Catholic, and Catholics are not only allowed, but are urged, to read the Scriptures devoutly. In the Catechism of Christian Doctrine are the following question and answer:—(No. 360). "Ought we frequently to read good books?—We ought frequently to *read the Holy Gospels*, the Lives of the Saints, and other spiritual works, which nourish faith and piety, and arm us against the false maxims of the world."

The Holy Scriptures, either in collected form or in parts, are sold openly by every Catholic bookseller, and the Catholic Truth Society has beautiful editions of the Gospels and of others of the Sacred Writings which are sold at 1d. a copy. The whole of the New Testament can be bought for sixpence. And as large numbers of the editions have been sold, we may take for granted that the Holy Scriptures—or at least the New Testament—is freely read, and the reading of it encouraged in the Catholic Church.

The Catholic Church takes her public prayer-books almost entirely from the Bible; her private prayers are

also in great part derived from the Sacred Scriptures. The Catholic Church collected the various writings which form the Bible, preserved them, and by the labours of numberless monks multiplied copies of them before printing was invented; and then at once she made and printed translations into the modern languages. The Catholic Church and only the Catholic Church ever really taught the Bible to the people at large, and for this purpose she employed painting, poetry, music, sacred plays, and the ceremonial of her services. By these means the people, very few of whom could read, were made familiar with the Bible story and teaching. The Reformers swept away all these things, and thus deprived the people of their only means of becoming acquainted with the Word of God, for it was and is useless as a means of instruction to scatter Bibles amongst people who cannot read. Hence the Reformers instead of giving the Bible to the people took it away from them.

For twelve hundred years the Catholic Church never interfered with the reading of the Bible, and when since that time she has condemned particular translations of the Sacred Scriptures, she has done so, not because they were translations of the Bible into a spoken language, but because they were *not* translations of God's Word. (Read *The Bible and the Reformation*, by C. F. B. Allnatt, Catholic Truth Society, price 2d.)

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Giving Drink to the Thirsty.

KINGDON FIELDS.

Mr. Brinkton, who was a widower, lived with his twin step-children in a small house standing on a piece of waste land outside the manufacturing town of Linkham. It was a tall narrow house, with a poverty-stricken appearance; the paint was old and shabby, the walls were in bad repair, and the curtains and blinds, though fairly clean, were mended and patched in many places. The building had the reputation of being haunted, as a murder had been committed in it shortly after it was built, and in consequence Mr. Brinkton got it for a nominal rent. It was evidently an abode which suited him, for he had it on a long lease.

The house was quite a mile from Linkham, and as it was situated on rising ground it commanded a full view of the town, with its many chimneys, houses darkened by age and smoke, the spire of the large Catholic church being at one end and the square tower of the chief Protestant church at the other.

Inside the house, poverty and want of repair were seen in all directions. The oil-cloth was worn, the mats were in a state of advanced age, the paper and paint dingy to a

degree, the furniture reminded one of the shop of a cheap second-hand dealer: as everything had been picked up at sales or bought at such shops, the resemblance was not so strange. There was really hardly anything in the house that was at all pretty excepting Madge's bedroom. The girl, who had artistic tastes, had placed a few cheap prints on the walls, and there were some wooden brackets on them, and odds and ends about the room, betraying a love of beauty and an aptitude for making the best out of unpromising materials; on one bracket was a photograph of a man with a strong, interesting face. The room was very small, as indeed were all the rooms in the house; in the window stood a type-writer, with a heap of manuscripts on a stand by the side of it. On the little altar at the foot of the bed were a crucifix and statuettes of our Lady and St. Joseph.

One day in early spring, Madge, who had been working away steadily at her type-writer since their early dinner, came downstairs for tea, which Maria, the old servant, brought there every afternoon.

Mr. Brinkton was out, and as Madge entered she saw her twin brother, a tall, fair, slight youth of nineteen, who had just seated himself at the table. The fire was out, the room was very chilly, and the flimsy curtains did not keep out the draught.

"How come you to be back so early?" inquired Madge, taking a chair at the head of the table, and pouring out the weak tea from the broken-nosed tea-pot.

"The chief was in a good humour and let us off an hour earlier than usual," answered Cyril. "I think he had had some good news about a son of his in Australia, and he is

always glad to be kind; he's a capital old chap, and I only wish I could like the work, but I hate it more and more."

Madge did not answer. She was very like her brother, having fair curly hair like his, and the same eyes of gentian blue; but she was really beautiful, with her exquisite complexion and regular features, while he was merely good-looking.

"I say, Madge, old girl, I hardly know how to bear it sometimes. It seems to me as if life were hardly worth living."

"Oh, don't say that, Cyril, dear!" said Madge; "we both know it is worth it, wherever one may be placed, and however dark the sky may be; in spite of all things we have our holy faith and we have each other."

Cyril set down his tea-cup; his eyes, good and true, met those of his sister, and in that meeting there was a great deal expressed which the ablest pen could not transcribe —love, and trust, and sympathy.

Then suddenly Madge's eyes dropped, and she had a struggle to keep tears back.

"Madge," said Cyril, his voice hoarse with emotion as he pushed aside his plate, "life is getting harder and harder for us both. How I wish we could get away from this beastly place — I can't call it a home, it would be as ridiculous as it is to call Mr. Brinkton, father. The very word sticks in my throat every time I try to use it."

"It is a mere form—it does not really matter," said Madge. "Calling him father never makes one feel like his child."

Cyril attacked the bread and butter again, and then put

it down with an expression of disgust. "What horrid butter!"

"Yes, it isn't nice," said Madge, "but father does not allow Maria to get any but the cheapest."

"I cannot understand how our sweet mother could ever have married such a man," said Cyril. "How was it, Madge? I have forgotten."

"I have heard the story over and over again," said Madge. "She was a widow, for our own father died when we were a year old, and was travelling with us in Switzerland when the train met with an accident. Mr. Brinkton was in the same carriage and gave her help; and then they stayed in the same hotel and became very intimate. Then they married, and she died a year after when a little girl was born, to live only two days. She must have been a sweet woman if she was like the picture we have of her; and I suppose it was grief at her death that changed father's nature, for he was quite different then from what he is now."

"Of course, I remember all that," said Cyril, "but if he cared for her he certainly shows his love, if he has any, for her children in a very queer way; but I don't believe he cares two straws for either of us, excepting as beings who can earn money."

Madge was silent. Even straining her usually charitable judgement of others to its furthest limit, she could not truthfully say that their stepfather gave them any reason for supposing that Cyril was wrong.

"We must support ourselves, Cyrillino," said Madge, falling back on the old childish name their mother had used, for the twins had been born in Italy. She was a

dim, shadowy memory to both, but notes in her diary had showed her love for her children, and her pet names for them—Cyrillino and Ita.

"You must remember how hard it was for father, losing all mother's property just after she died—everything that we should have had—and his being obliged to support us."

"He could hardly have sent us to the workhouse," said Cyril, bitterly, "for he is well known at Linkham as agent to that enormously rich Mr. Barnes, who owns all that miserable quarter near Kingdon Fields. Well, we pay our way, that is one thing, for I hand him over all my money from the office, and you earn your bread as a typist —and that nasty butter!"

"I cannot understand how mother came to marry a Protestant," said Madge. "That I can never get over, for from her diary one can see that she was a good Catholic, and we were brought up as Catholics."

"No, I can't understand it either. He let out one day that he had promised mother that we should be brought up Catholics, so that explains our education," said Cyril. "How fortunate we were to get into Downside and St. Agatha's! He must have told a sad tale of his poverty to somebody to get us taken as dowry children."

"Oh, some one he knew had a burse at Downside; and as for me, you know Father Hildebrand used every means to make sure of our Catholic education, as he was afraid of our faith being endangered," said Madge.

"Father must get miserable pay from Barnes," said Cyril, "and he works pretty hard for it; it must be horrid work, collecting rents in that low quarter. Well, I suppose we must both make the best of it. It is hard to be in that

office instead of being in a seminary, but one might as well try to move a mountain as to persuade him to do anything he did not choose. If he had let you marry Dornton it would have been all right, and we should have both been free; but as it is, I could not have left you, Ita."

"I feel very wrong sometimes, Cyrillino," said Madge, flushing up, "in not telling you to go, as you could do quite well, for that lady Father Hildebrand knows will stand all your expenses at Oscott; but just now——"

"I will not leave you," said Cyril, firmly. "I have every reason to believe that I have a vocation for the priesthood, and I am burning to be preparing for it, but still I could not leave you—I who am your only protector—while Mr. Brinkton torments you as he does to marry Brown."

"I shall never do that, Cyril, dear. I detest the man; he is old enough to be my father; he is a Protestant, a Wesleyan I believe he calls himself; and, last but not least, I care for Willie, and I shall wait—father may give in at last."

"Never!" said Cyril, "as long as he can get you to be here and work for him, or else oblige you to marry that rich man. Those are your two alternatives."

"When I am twenty-one I shall see what I ought to do," said Madge; "but if I do quit here to marry Willie, I shall feel it really unkind to leave father without the little help I give him, for after all we owe him our home, Cyril—we must not forget that."

"It's a dear price to pay—my delay in education for the priesthood, your life being made a burden to you to such an extent that, unless things mend or you see your way to leaving this house and marrying Willie Dornton, I shan't

feel it right to leave you, and I shall grind on at the office."

"Let us do our duty now," said Madge, with tears in her voice, "and the way will be made clear to us. At twenty-one I shall feel free."

"Willie will wait for you if he is worth his salt," said Cyril, "and as for what you help father with, he must do without that. He must have enough to support himself and old Maria. He doesn't care for either of us, and our lives must not be ruined just because of his cranks."

"Oh, well! time will——"

"Here you are both wasting your time chattering over your tea," said a cross, aged voice—that of Mr. Brinkton. He was about seventy; his narrow eyes had a very unpleasant expression; his forehead was much lined, and his thin grey hair fell on his worn and dirty coat collar.

"I was very tired after some hours typing," said Madge cheerfully. "Shall I get you some fresh tea, father?"

"Certainly not. What extravagance! There is plenty of tea for me if you put some more water in; you seem to have had it earlier than usual."

"I am so sorry; you see I did not know you would be in for it," said Madge in a conciliatory tone.

"Now—there, there, that will do! no sugar, please. I find tea tastes quite as good without sugar, and I am not going to have any more for breakfast or tea. I can't afford luxuries."

The twins exchanged glances.

"Such a morning -day, rather—I have had, in Kingdon Fields collecting rents."

"It must be very disagreeable work," said Cyril.

"Yes, sir, it is disagreeable; but we haven't all got as pleasant work as you have, just writing at a nice office, having no responsibility or care for anything, with your pay coming in regularly. I have to go and drag the money out of the people. And——"

"Have you hurt your hand, father?" exclaimed Madge, interrupting Mr. Brinkton, as she noticed for the first time that there was a large piece of black plaster above the wrist.

"Yes, I had a regular scuffle with a drunken man this morning, and he threw a glass at me and it cut my hand," said Mr. Brinkton. "However, I am determined to get the money, and get it I shall: the fellow had just sense enough left to try and frighten me."

"If they haven't the money, how can they pay?" said Cyril.

"Seize their things," said Mr. Brinkton calmly; "that's the only thing to do. Put the bailiffs in."

"Then what do they do?"

Mr. Brinkton shrugged his shoulders.

"That is their affair, not mine."

"It is a miserable part of Linkham," said Madge. "I never like going through it, the people look so hungry and wretched, as if they might do anything in desperation."

"Drunken lot!" said Mr. Brinkton. "Two-thirds of the men drink, and half of the women as well."

"What a terrible state of things!" said Madge.

"Now, can you not go up to your type-writer?" asked Mr. Brinkton. "Have you much more to do before you finish Mr. Lander's manuscripts?"

"Yes, I have still three hundred pages to type, and they are closely written. Father, can you not spare me a little

this week?—to-morrow,—there is a mission going on at our church, and I should like to go to some of the services."

"Nonsense! You don't want a mission! You understand your religion, and I never prevent your going to what is of obligation."

"I know, but I should like to do more than that," said Madge.

"You can go if you make it up by working harder,—at least in the morning. I won't have you sitting up at night and wasting the oil," said Mr. Brinkton.

"I haven't the strength to do that, father; you know I work as hard as I possibly can, beyond my strength sometimes," added Madge, with her hand on the door.

"It's your own fault that you are working at all," said Mr. Brinkton significantly. "A girl who throws away a good marriage deserves to suffer, and——" Madge left her stepfather to finish the sentence; she knew all the old arguments by heart, and did not care to hear them repeated.

She went up to her room, and had not been long at her type-writer before Maria came in and handed her a letter. The woman was a faithful servant, though very deaf and stupid; and Madge gave her a bright smile as she took the letter from her. It was a curious mixture of love and business.

"DEAR MISS GOODWIN,—

"Again I venture to address you and to urge you to consider my application for your hand. I am aware of your refusal, but I earnestly beg you to reconsider your decision. I love you, dear Miss Goodwin, very sincerely, and though my persuasion is different from

yours, I would leave you quite free to do as you liked.

"I have lately heard that your brother wants to be a Roman Catholic priest and cannot leave his office or you, as his stepfather needs what he gives him of his pay. Dear Miss Goodwin, if you will become my wife I will give your stepfather a handsome allowance, and that will set your brother free. Think about it, and let me have your honoured reply at your convenience.

"Your humble and admiring suitor,

"EZEKIEL BROWN."

"If father knew that he had written to me—I hope he won't tell him—I should have more scenes," said Madge to herself. "Fancy my marrying Ezekiel Brown and being faithless to my Willie! But I *can't* fancy it," and again the click of the type-writer broke the silence.

Considering the life the two young people led in their stepfather's house, it was strange that they were seldom, if ever, ill. The food was bad and insufficient, and they had to endure many privations in the way of cold rooms, and thin, unsuitable clothing. They had never been away from Linkham since they returned from school, and seldom had any holidays. Both had plenty to do—Madge, indeed, more than enough.

As for what are usually considered pleasures, they had none except books, of which Cyril was extremely fond. He went a good deal to the Free Library, and saved money to buy books from the very small portion of his earnings which he was allowed to keep for himself. Madge did not much care for reading, but was fond of

painting, and did a little when she had time. The natural lightheartedness of youth buoyed both brother and sister up; they were devoted to their religion, found much happiness in those of the church services which they had time to attend, and hoped that brighter days would come some time.

Then, this very year, had come Madge's love trouble. She had made acquaintance the year before with Willie Dornton, a young engineer whom she had met at the house of one of the few friends she had in Linkham; and the love she quickly inspired had been speedily returned. As we have seen, she was not allowed to marry him, but when she reached the age of twenty-one she felt she must take her own way in the matter. Willie had gone to America on business for his firm and there was complete silence between them; for all correspondence was forbidden by Mr. Brinkton, and Madge felt that as long as she was under his roof she was bound to obey him.

A fortnight later May began—a bleak, cold English May—and Mr. Brinkton buttoned his thin great-coat tightly over his chest as he crossed the waste ground before his house. The coat was quite insufficient to keep him warm, and he felt much chilled; however, nothing would have induced him to buy another, or to have a fire after the first of May in any of the sitting-rooms of the cold, poorly built house, the doors and windows of which fastened so badly that wind came in at every crevice.

When Mr. Brinkton came to his doorstep he found the rector of the larger Catholic church, Canon Hilton, waiting there. The Canon was a little man with a determined

aspect, thick brown hair, and an extremely pleasant manner, which generally won over the most anti-Catholic people. By his own flock he was beloved, and they, for the most part consisting of the very poor, were dear to his heart. He loved the indigent and needy with a strong affection, and was burning with zeal in their cause. He found his Lord in the persons of His poor, for whom, when he was a child, he had been taught by his mother to care. At her knee he had learnt the lesson that the poor were, as an old writer put it, "excellent images of Christ," and that to serve them, to work for them, to deny himself to help them, were all accepted as if done directly to Him who had said, "The poor you have always with you." As soon as he could read she had let him see, in the Gospel of St. Matthew, the words of our Blessed Lord: "For I was hungry, and you gave Me to eat; I was thirsty, and you gave Me to drink; I was a stranger, and you took Me in; naked, and you covered Me; sick, and you visited Me; I was in prison, and you came to Me. . . . I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me."

These words, falling as seed sown on good ground, were destined to bear much fruit. As a boy he loved to read of the saints who had been most devoted to the poor, and in his heart he had registered the vow that if he were ever a priest he would dedicate himself to their service. Every soul that loves God has a preference for some special method of showing its devotion, and Canon Hilton had the ambition to give himself to the poor.

As the years went on his desire was granted; when he was about thirty he found himself in a large parish of St.

Andrew's, Linkham, where indeed there was poverty enough to satisfy his wish. There he had worked hard for twenty years, battling against ignorance, sin, and poverty of an extreme kind. The parish included Kingdon Fields, which was the poorest and most wretched part of it.

Mr. Brinkton frowned when he saw the Canon, who had a graver expression on his face than was wont to be there.

"Can I have a little talk with you, Mr. Brinkton?" inquired the Canon.

Mr. Brinkton assented, and, opening the door with his latch-key, showed his visitor into the small cold sitting-room, with its threadbare carpet and generally depressing aspect.

"I have come to know, Mr. Brinkton, if anything can be done for Kingdon Fields. This is not the first application, as you know. I have written over and over again to Mr. Barnes, and you, as his agent, have replied that nothing can be done. However, the state of things gets worse, and now I have come to beg you to put the matter before Mr. Barnes, and to act yourself if you have the power."

"He is in America," said Mr. Brinkton.

"So I understand," said the Canon. "He seems to stay there a very long time!"

"That is his affair," said Mr. Brinkton, with a scowl.

"Certainly. And it is my affair to look after the Catholic poor on his property. Very little was done for them by my predecessor, who was very old and ill, and I find things in a very bad state."

"It is a miserable place," said Mr. Brinkton. "I know I have trouble enough in collecting the rents. They are

a drunken lot, and most of their poverty is caused by drink."

"Just so," said the Canon eagerly, "and that is precisely what I want you to put before Mr. Barnes, if you are powerless to do anything yourself."

"What would you propose that I should do?" asked Mr. Brinkton. "I can't do anything on my own responsibility that costs money, and I am pretty sure Mr. Barnes will never consent to anything either. If the people want to drink they will, and no one can stop them, unless they are disorderly or have brawls, and then they get locked up."

"You have no pity for them?" inquired the Canon, looking keenly at the hard face before him.

"None at all," said Mr. Brinkton.

"Well, then, I have," said the Canon.

"Oh, of course, that's your trade," said Mr. Brinkton, with a sneer; "but perhaps as my time is valuable you will say what you want."

Then Canon Hilton put before Mr. Brinkton the state of affairs which he already knew. The condition of most of the houses in Kingdon Fields was most insanitary. The crowding was very great; public-houses abounded. There was every temptation to the people to get out of their miserable homes as much as they could—for the men to spend their evenings in the brilliant public-houses, for the women to drink with the vain hope of either drowning their misery or enabling themselves to bear better the want of proper food. To attempt to remedy the evil would take time, trouble, and the expenditure of a great deal of money. It would be necessary to build decent houses

instead of the present miserable dwellings; to do away with as many of the public-houses as was possible; to place a coffee-palace in one street, a large recreation-room in another, and so on. The Canon got quite excited as he spread forth his scheme for the improvement of that terrible district, and said that he himself would give a certain sum towards the work. But nothing could be done without Mr. Barnes.

"It would not mend the matter," said Mr. Brinkton. "I don't believe in coffee-palaces. You can't drive the people into them."

"If the palaces are there, the people can at least have a chance of using them."

Mr Brinkton shrugged his shoulders.

"Coffee-palaces and recreation-rooms are sinews of war in the hands of those who are battling against those evils of drink and immorality," said the Canon. "You can't expect the men to spend much of their time in overcrowded homes, as unlike homes as anything can well be; and if the houses were better, and amusements for the people and coffee-palaces were easily accessible, drunkenness would, in my opinion, decrease."

"It would not in mine, sir," said Mr. Brinkton.

"Don't you think you could get Mr. Barnes to do anything?—really, as the owner of the place, he has some duties."

Mr. Brinkton shrugged his shoulders.

"It is not my business to tell him to perform them," he answered; "and of course as you are a Catholic and he and I are Protestants, we have different points of view."

"Protestants are often most charitable and do a great deal for the poor," said the Canon; "and one wishes God-speed to all who relieve them in their distress, whatever the creed of the giver may be. To remedy the evil of drunkenness in that poor quarter is quite unsectarian work."

Mr. Brinkton was silent, and looked up at the cracked and smoky ceiling, wishing with all his heart that his visitor would depart.

"Well, you will write and place the case before Mr. Barnes?" asked the Canon, taking up his hat and feeling very sad over the whole business.

Mr. Brinkton smiled in a curious way. "Oh yes, certainly!"

"Thank you. It will be a great thing if he really knows the whole case. Or stay—if you give me his address, I can write myself," said the Canon.

"All Mr. Barnes's business is done through me," said Mr. Brinkton, "and he objects to people writing to him direct. You leave it to me."

"Very well. I hope and pray something may be done."

There was silence for a minute; then Mr. Brinkton rose as a hint for the Canon to depart, and the latter took his leave.

As the Canon made his way back, he felt he had done nothing at all that afternoon. He was a busy man, and it had taken up a good deal of his time. Some words of St. Gregory of Nyssa came to his mind: "God thirsts to be thirsted for." But how were the poor of Kingdon Fields ever to know enough about God to desire Him? At all turns, every effort to better the spiritual condition of the

people was frustrated by their misery and the absolute wretchedness of their suroundings. As he thought over the words just quoted it seemed to him that the cry from the Cross, "I thirst," would for ever ring in his ears. It was in a sense the keynote of all his devotion to the poor. A thirst for the souls of men was the eternal cry of the Incarnate Lord; to win them for Him was the first wish of Canon Hilton's heart. How could one win souls for God when there was everything to hinder the work, nothing to help it? To remove the occasions of sin was one great means, and as far as Kingdon Fields was concerned it was one difficult of attainment.

Summer came, and during its course Canon Hilton received a brief intimation from Mr. Brinkton that Mr. Barnes refused to do anything to Kingdon Fields, and requested that he might not be troubled about it any more. The Canon sighed as he folded up the note, and then turned to a more congenial task, the preparation of his address that evening for the members of the League of the Cross. He had instituted the League in the parish, and in some parts it had proved a success. But for Kingdon Fields the Canon sighed; nothing seemed to touch the people, who were for the most part in the deepest poverty; illness was constantly rife, owing to the want of sanitary dwellings and the overcrowding. Drink, with its many evil consequences, was the greatest enemy he had to fight, and as yet he had effected little or nothing as far as visible results were concerned, in spite of his efforts, his prayers, and the intense interest he took in that part of his parish. There were a great many Irish Catholics there, and they, as well

as the English, had sunk very low. It seemed hopeless to try to get the men to come to confession, as on Saturday nights many of them were half if not wholly drunk. Altogether, the Canon's usually elastic spirits were very depressed that day, and he felt that his work, so far as Kingdon Fields was concerned, was very unsatisfactory.

The summer wore on. Madge only got a brief holiday, grudgingly allowed her by her stepfather. Some friends of Willie Dornton's insisted upon her coming to the seaside with them, and as they defrayed all her expenses Mr. Brinkton could not well refuse to let her go, especially as her chief employer, a novelist, was ill, and so did not send her the usual amount of copy to type.

The fortnight by the sea brought the colour into Madge's cheeks; she heard a great deal about Willie from his friends, and altogether it was a very happy time. It seemed quite strange to be living in a comfortable house surrounded by pretty things, and to be eating good food and enough of it. Only a strong constitution could have endured the privations Madge had been obliged to bear since she came back from the convent; and a little ordinary comfort seemed to her great luxury.

"I have had a lovely time," said Madge to herself, the day before that on which she was to return to Linkham. She looked out of her bedroom window as she spoke, and the vast expanse of sea, with the great brown rocks forming the end of a bay, stood out clearly in the evening light. It was very peaceful and still, the only sound being the washing of the waves on the pebbly shore just under her window.

She was thinking regretfully of her brief holiday, so nearly over ; and yet there was the pleasure of seeing her brother again ; she knew how he missed her, and how much he depended upon her presence to cheer him in the wretched house they called home. It was not so much the poverty and privations that both young people felt so keenly as the being in the house with Mr. Brinkton, who was often actually unkind, never amiable, and who constantly reproached them with all he had had to do for their support before they had been able to earn their own livings. Then, too, to their young generous natures the meanness was most repulsive. Mr. Brinkton would grind down anyone who worked for them to the lowest extreme possible. Maria was scolded severely if half a cup of milk were taken more than was necessary, and nothing ever escaped his vigilance. All eatables were kept under lock and key, and daily Mr. Brinkton gave out what was to be used in the house—counting the potatoes, measuring out the tea and flour, and making a great disturbance if he fancied that a spoonful of anything had been wasted, or that a pudding was smaller than the material he had given out had led him to anticipate. In winter he always looked over the dustbin every night and picked out any cinder that seemed to him too big to throw away, and even resented any necessary things being bought for the house. It was the perpetual conversation on the subject, the striving and straining to save a farthing here, a halfpenny there, that worried and annoyed Madge, who naturally was open-handed and generous, often doing little acts of charity with the very small proportion of her earnings she was allowed to keep for herself, and finding in so doing a great deal of happiness. Her

dress was always of the plainest, but the cheapest serge could not hide her beautifully proportioned figure, nor the commonest hat spoil the sweet face under it, serene, if sometimes sad and wistful, and always lovely.

She longed to go on with her painting, but her talent was not sufficiently great to make her sketches marketable, and consequently Mr. Brinkton would not hear of her putting aside her type-writing for it. By the latter she was certainly able to do fairly well, and as she was accurate and able to type from German as well as English manuscripts, she had plenty of work.

As Madge went down to dinner she met the housemaid bearing a telegram in her hand ; it was from Cyril, begging her to return at once, as their stepfather was very ill. There was no train to Linkham until early the next morning, and Madge returned by it to find the blinds down and her brother with a white face on which was an expression that she had never seen before. In a few hours the young fellow had lived through what seemed to him some years. He drew his sister into the sitting-room and told her the story, which was so strange that to Madge it sounded like fiction. She was young enough to be ignorant of the fact that real life far exceeds in romance, amazing coincidence, and strange occurrence, any concatenation of events woven by the pen of the most sensational novelist.

A week before, Mr. Brinkton had caught a slight cold, which, however, had not seemed serious until two days ago, when the doctor whom he reluctantly sent for had pronounced that pneumonia had set in.

The sick man had asked to be told the truth, and when there was no hope the doctor stated the fact. To

Cyril's astonishment Mr. Brinkton asked that Canon Hilton should be sent for, and the latter remained with him some time.

"I was so thankful he wanted to see the Canon," said Cyril, "but you can understand my being surprised. I knew of course that father never went near any church or chapel of any kind, but I never guessed he would see a priest, and my anxieties were at rest. When the Canon came down he told me he had something to tell me which father wished me to know. Oh, Madge, it is all so unexpected! I hardly know how to take it in at all."

"Do tell me," said Madge, who was taking some breakfast Maria had brought up. As the door opened she saw a strange man going up the stair, and the sight of him, whom she recognized as an undertaker, made her realize what he had come for, and that Mr. Brinkton lay dead in the room overhead. She shivered, for the outward circumstances of death are always repulsive to young people.

"Father was a Catholic. That is the first thing I have to tell you, only he had not practised his religion since mother's death, and he preferred to pass as a Protestant or nothing at all. Of course he knew that if he went to his duties he would have had to give up what he was doing It appears that our mother was rich, and that she made over all her money to father on her marriage. She made no provision for us, for she trusted him to do what was right."

"He must have been very different then from what he was afterwards," said Madge hesitatingly, for although she had no affection for her stepfather, she already felt under

the influence of what has been expressed as "the solemn charity with which we speak of the dead."

Cyril assented.

"Of course Canon Hilton told me only what father said we were to know. Mother was an orphan, and had no people belonging to her; she was the only child of only children, and our father had been the same, and both were Australians. Father said that he had always loved money from the days of his early boyhood, and the love increased when he found himself possessed of a somewhat large fortune. Besides this he had money of his own, and he owned property here. Madge! Kingdon Fields all belongs to him!"

"But, Cyril!—he said he was only an agent to Mr. Barnes."

"There is no Mr. Barnes. For reasons of his own he preferred to pass as an agent to his own property. It was an easy way of getting out of his duties as a landlord to say he was hampered by Mr. Barnes. The love of money grew and grew, and he stinted and strove and saved every penny to add to his capital."

"We know that—at least the saving and screwing," said Madge, with a glance at the poor room she was in, and the meagre common fare before her.

"Of course he told any amount of lies, and his life was all false from the time mother died," said Cyril. "There was ample to provide for our education, and we need not have been educated on charity. You could have married Willie, and I could have gone to the seminary. There was no need for all this stinting and striving, and——"

"Then did he receive the last Sacraments?" interrupted

Madge, for all else seemed insignificant to her compared with that.

"Yes, just after I telegraphed to you. He asked my forgiveness of the injuries he had done us both. He was very unhappy," said Cyril shortly.

"How he must have altered in that short time!" said Madge thoughtfully as the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Yes; death changes everything," said Cyril gently.

"How thankful we must be for that, Cyrillino. He might have been carried off quite suddenly, with no preparation at all. It might have been a far sadder death."

"At the eleventh hour," said Cyril; "yes, it is wonderful!"

"Have you any idea why he wanted to get so much money—was it for any special purpose?" asked Madge. "People don't generally live in such misery unless they have some object to gain by it."

"He told the Canon that it was pure love of money, the desire of getting more and more, and adding all he could to his banking account. He intended leaving it to the town of Garham in Wiltshire where he was born, and to direct that some great public monument should be raised there to perpetuate his memory."

"And now?"

"Madge—I hardly know how to tell you—it seems so very strange," said Cyril, putting his hands over his eyes for a minute. "It has all happened so quickly. A lawyer was sent for last night and a will made out at his desire, leaving all he possessed to be divided between us."

Madge was silent.

"Then we shall be rich?"

"Yes."

"How came he to send for the Canon?" inquired Madge. "I mean, more than for any other priest."

"It appears the Canon called on him some months ago, asking him to do something for the poor in Kingdon Fields, or rather to get the supposed Mr. Barnes to do so. Although they had some words on the subject, father took a liking to him, and as soon as he knew he was very ill he asked me to send for him. It has all happened in such a short time, Madge; how wonderful it all is!"

The good fortune that had come to them was indeed a matter of rejoicing, but it had come in a sad way, and the twins felt keenly all that Mr. Brinkton had missed in life.

It was indeed a sorrowful subject; and Madge and Cyril, who had only the brief statements which the Canon was allowed by Mr. Brinkton to make to them, could not know how gradually it had all come about.

People do not become bad all at once; the worst possible sinner never became so instantly. It is unheard of in the annals of souls that a person goes straight from an innocent to a sinful life; even were such apparently the case one would doubt it, for there is much that can never be written which would account for the seeming suddenness of the change. Small sins habitually committed weaken the will, rendering it less able to act in time of temptation. As a little child Mr. Brinkton had been very fond of money. He would put his pennies by and hoard them up till he could change them for silver, and then the very sight of the coins would give him the greatest delight. Never did he give away anything if he could possibly help it, and as he was

an orphan and brought up with strangers, he was not taught much that a child generally learns from its mother. As a boy he lent his money at school to his companions, getting high interest for it; and later on in life the same spirit of striving and straining to save and to get always possessed him. And so little by little the passion had grown, until he had sacrificed truth, honour, charity and justice to it, living without the Sacraments and acting a lie every hour of his life. He had been deaf to the cry of the poor, and when he could oppress and grind them down he did so. However, at the eleventh hour he had turned to God, and had died at peace with Him from whom he had turned away for so many years. The money he had accumulated was now in the hands of those who would use it well, and one of the first purposes to which some of it was put was to ensure masses being said for the repose of Mr. Brinkton's soul.

In the autumn of the same year, Madge Goodwin was married to Willie Dornton by Canon Hilton. The marriage took place at Linkham Church, and Cyril came over for it. He was staying with friends in Ireland for a holiday before going to Oscott to be trained for the priesthood.

In the course of a year a great deal had been done to Kingdon Fields. Canon Hilton was far too practical a man and too experienced in working among the poor to think that he would see great results in a short time. Indeed he hardly hoped to do very much with the present generation; his hopes were centred on the young people, the children and the growing boys and girls.

With the money—a very large sum—placed at his disposal by the twins, he was able to carry out at least some of his pet schemes. He took a small house not far from the church, and there a nicce and cousin of his own took up their abode. The house was simply furnished, and the ladies had a good servant to wait upon them, as they felt that they needed all their time for work and necessary rest. The cousin was a middle-aged lady who had had some hospital training and who understood cookery thoroughly, and the niece was a girl of twenty-four who, having no vocation for the religious life, yet wished to spend part of her time in work for the poor.

The large buildings which Canon Hilton rented close to Kingdon Fields were soon put into working order, and there entertainments were given, boys' and girls' clubs were established, and near at hand was a coffee-palace and a working-men's club.

All this was not done in a day, and much money was required for the purpose. The Canon enlisted the prayers, sympathies, and interest of many, and looked forward to the time when Cyril Goodwin would come and work among the people. The improved sanitation also did a great deal for the welfare of the poor, and in spite of many failures and much disappointment the Canon felt content.

The little house where the two ladies lived formed the nucleus of a settlement which it was to be hoped would eventually be formed there,—a settlement where those who could not give all their time would go as much as they could, and where others would learn how to help the poor, and be able to obtain such work as was most suitable to their capacities and tastes.

Some people, critically inclined, had little sympathy with that part of the work which concerned itself with the amusement of the people. They could take interest in and further to the utmost in their power all directly spiritual efforts to win souls, and thus answer the divine cry, "Give me to drink!" They forgot that many weapons must be used, either directly or indirectly, in the great war of the Church militant against evil in all forms. That recreation is necessary for all is an obvious fact, and the well-being of mind and body depends much on this being recognized and taken into account when work with or for others is being considered. As a general rule, if harmless means of amusement are not easily obtainable, people will drift into that which is harmful. The work of those who help to provide the young with clubs and places where they can have innocent recreation is an excellent one, and these things become means to a very great end. They bridge over the gulf between the classes, for by their means those to whom God has given much in the way of birth, education, or position, come into personal contact with others poorer in all ways than themselves. Young people are reached and influenced for good by those who provide recreation for them, and who teach them in what Christian amusement consists; and such help profits those who give no less than those who receive it.

Thus, after all, Mr. Brinkton's great wealth was doing good to others; and his name lived, though not in the way he had wished before grace touched his heart. How much the soul went through in the short time of consciousness before death, no one could tell. Perhaps, as the past shone out in startling distinctness before the memory, he felt many

bitter pangs of remorse for his neglect of and oppression of the poor. But it was too late then for him to do anything but to perform an act of restitution to those whom he had robbed.

When Cyril was a priest he came to Linkham, and in working for the bodies as well as for the souls of the poor he has fulfilled his heart's desire.

BY WHAT AUTHORITY?

By F. B. LORD

The Needs of the Soul.

The immortal soul, created by Almighty God for eternal happiness, but under strict conditions of obedience, seeks, nay, demands, definite and precise instructions in its earthly pilgrimage, lest, through sheer perversity, it should miss the narrow gate to life, which few there are who find, and be condemned for its ignorance, its pride, and its disobedience to God's authority.

"What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?"[1] The issues of eternal life and eternal condemnation are so tremendous —"the soul that sinneth the same shall die"[2]—that, at first sight, the soul might be almost tempted to despair. But, being so well assured that Almighty God is a loving Father, who ardently desires the salvation of all His

[1] S. Mark viii. 36. [2] Ezech. xviii. 4.

children, and for each of whom He has reserved a place in heaven: and knowing that He "is not willing that any should perish, but that all should return to penance,"[1] the hope of eternal life becomes a reality when we know it is within the reach of every obedient soul.

It is impossible for the soul to find the narrow gate, to learn God's truth, and to obey His will without spiritual instruction and guidance. God's will is positive truth, and the guidance which the soul requires must be of a positive and definite nature, otherwise strict obedience becomes impossible. The soul must bow its will in obedient humility to receive that instruction, never doubting, for "God resisteth the proud and giveth grace to the humble";[2] and "unless you become as little children," in simplicity, humility, and obedience, "you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,"[3] because your soul will not be in a right disposition to correspond with the grace of God.

The soul which is even willing to learn has to contend with many difficulties; it knows not what to obey; it is disturbed and distracted by the number and variety of spiritual professors; it is tantalized and tortured by all the bewildering and contradictory advices offered it, and by all the private theories of those who claim to teach it a "reasonable truth."

"Seek, and you shall find,"[4] "that you may prove

[1] 2 Peter iii. 9.
[2] S. James iv. 6.
[3] S. Matt. xviii. 3.
[4] Ibid. vii. 7.

what is the good, and the acceptable, and the perfect will of God."[1]

Can it be the will of God that the soul should waste much valuable and precious time in discussing the merits of God's doctrines, when any day it may be called to its account? Is the soul prepared to give its account while it is still in the vaguest doubt between truth and error? Is the soul prepared for its judgement while its own belief is an uncertainty between "yea" and "nay"? Yet it is imperatively necessary for the soul to seek and find the will of God. "Seek, and you shall find." Our loving Father would never have insisted upon our seeking, unless this divine knowledge was not only within the reach of the soul, but very easy to acquire.

In order to obey we must believe, and in order to believe the soul must be convinced of the certainty of the authority which proposes the belief. A doctrine may be God's eternal truth, or it may be false, mischievous, destructive. It cannot possibly be both, and, naturally, the great question must be, who is to decide whether a doctrine is God's truth, or the "doctrines of devils";[2] and whether human reason is a sufficient authority to judge of the exact value of its own conclusions, and whether the soul can be satisfied by the results.

[1] Rom. xii. 2. [2] 1 Tim. iv. 1.

Private Judgement.

The soul, tossed here and there with indefinite, contradictory teaching, in despair of finding the clear light of perfect spiritual knowledge, is tempted to rest content with that most fatal theory, its own private judgement. To gain a precise, plain, and positive knowledge of "the way, the truth, and the life" intuitively—that is, by our own poor, weak, speculative human knowledge, by our own conscience—is absolutely impossible. "He that is of God heareth the words of God."[1] God's teaching is, that the soul must be in obedience. Obedience implies decisive authority. The soul's instructor must be in a position to teach, exhort, rebuke, and command the soul, not by human reason, but by divine authority. How dare the soul place the slightest reliance upon the fancies, caprices, imaginations, sentiments, theories, prejudices of its own private judgement? Could any or all of these be, in any sense, a competent or sufficient guide in the awful distinction between God's truth and lying heresy? The conscience may be flattered and drugged by self-satisfaction to fatal rest, and infidelity, but this is certainly not the will of Almighty God. Depending alone upon the utterly worthless and mischievous inspirations of our own private judgement, we can never assure ourselves whether or when we are positively right, or when we are positively wrong. Conscience is a most potent factor in its own field, but it can

[1] S. John viii. 47.

never be a reliable guide to determine whether God's truth, which He has revealed to us, should depend on God's will or on our own judgement as a test of its worth for the salvation of our soul. It is not our own will that we have to obey, it is the will of Almighty God. Therefore, if the observance of God's will is essentially necessary for our soul's obedience, and if God is our loving Father, we may rest quite assured that He has amply provided for the instruction of the soul some definite and satisfactory spiritual authority, to teach it, as a humble and obedient child, the plain and simple principles of His divine will. If God had failed to do this—if He had left us as orphans, as stray sheep in the wilderness of this world, without fold, without shepherd; if God had abandoned us to the contradictory prejudices of our own human reason, to our vain imaginations, fluctuating between pride and despair; if God had left us to be "tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine,"[1] God would have left His divine will, and the narrow gate, totally impossible to find.

Private judgement caused the ruin of Adam and Eve, and all their descendants; they preferred private judgement to the will of God, and we know the consequences. Private judgement is the worship of human reason, and the destruction of faith. In all the various religious systems we have a complete kaleidoscope of ever-changing views, which, on their own authority, profess to direct the soul to its salvation. "Every plant which my

[1] Eph. iv. 14.

heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone: they are blind, and leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both fall into the pit."[1] These incompetent professors are no certain instructors of the soul, to teach it spiritual knowledge, to direct it towards the precious discovery of God's will, and the narrow gate, to show it God's truth.

"Search the scriptures, for you think in them to have life everlasting."[2] But, "understand this first, that no prophecy of scripture is made by private interpretation,"[3] for "the unlearned, and unstable wrest" them, "as they do also the other scriptures, to their own destruction."[4] The study of the Scriptures, simply and solely by the light of human reason, is, therefore, far from being a sufficient guide, and may possibly be to our own "destruction." Private judgement has been the cause of more disunion, of more heresy and schism, of more "other gospels," and of more "destruction" than can ever be calculated. Self-dependence and self-reliance in spiritual matters are only other names for self-deception, as they are directly opposed to humble obedience. How different it is to read that the sheep hear the shepherd's voice, "but a stranger," with strange, modern, new-fangled doctrines, "they follow not, but fly from, because they know not the voice of strangers." "And other sheep I have that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, and they shall hear My voice, and

[1] S. Matt. xv. 13.
[2] S. John v. 39.
[3] 2 Peter i. 20.
[4] Ibid. iii. 16.

there shall be one fold, and one Shepherd."[1] This is indeed different from private judgement, which allows the soul to believe or reject just what is pleasing to the prejudices or fancies of its own erring voice and opinion. Private judgement, then, is a challenge to the will of Almighty God, who will not be satisfied with anything less than absolute obedience, complete faith, and child-like humility.

My Object

is to suggest, in outline only, a satisfactory answer to the question as to what authority can alone decide all these disputed facts and fallacies which are to govern the soul. If—as all must grant—it be essentially necessary that God's truth alone should be believed and followed, and that heretical doctrines should be strictly avoided, then the authority to direct and teach the soul must be a decided and infallible spiritual guide. And if such an authority can be plainly established, as emanating directly from Almighty God and specially designed by Him to teach the soul divine knowledge and perfect truth, then, as humble and obedient children, we are bound, under pain of mortal sin, to embrace it with all our heart, as St. Peter said, "We have left all things, and have followed Thee."[2]

Instead of disputing over the value of doctrines, it seems to me better to determine the value of the authority for these doctrines. If the authority is divine,

[1] S. John x. 16. [2] S. Mark x. 28.

its doctrines are true; but if the authority is questionable and doubtful, the doctrines are the same, and can never be the will of God, as His will is absolute truth. A doubtful authority is merely fallible human opinion. If the root be sound the fruit will be sound also; and the contrary.

It will be remembered that Jesus Christ passed much of the forty days between His resurrection and His ascension with His future apostles, "speaking of the kingdom of heaven."[1] We know nothing definite of any of these instructions, why should we? No doubt but that, in these private and last instructions, our Lord explained to them the requirements of His divine will, and the organization of His supreme authority over the souls of men.

My object is to point out that sufficient knowledge concerning the organization and form of government, instituted by Christ as the decision of His will and authority, has been plainly made manifest to us, to satisfy the needs of the soul's allegiance. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and as a necessary consequence, "all these things shall be added unto you."[2]

The Soul's Spiritual Authority.

What is the kingdom of God upon earth? The spiritual authority which we are all bound to seek? Where shall we look for it? Where find it? By what

[1] Acts i. 3. [2] S. Matt. vi. 33.

marks or signs shall it be known? It must be one, essentially and indivisibly one; it must be a kingdom of holiness; it must be a universal kingdom, extending over every part of the universe; and it must trace its credentials back to the Apostles of Christ. In other words, it must be One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic, and we fail to find it anywhere else than in the "Church of the living God," which we are assured is "the pillar and ground of the truth."[1] The mission of this spiritual kingdom is to govern, teach, direct every soul in the universe, by God's authority. This, and this alone, is the one divine spiritual authority which Christ ordained to be the instructor of every soul, in every nation, in every country, through every century to the end of time, to teach every soul of good will the definite object of God's One Faith, which must be believed and obeyed by all. We are to "hear the Church,"[2] God's authority, and obey all her commands, decrees, doctrines, as a matter of faith, nothing choosing, and nothing doubting as humble and obedient children.

Of all God's wonderful and marvellous works, there is nothing, to my mind, so transcendental in its magnificence, and, at the same time, so loving in its extreme care for the individual human soul, as the Church of the living God. It can satisfy all the aspirations of the wisest philosopher, and all the needs of the little child. It is a mother to all, from the cradle to the grave. There is not a want or a necessity that the Church

[1] 1 Tim. iii. 15. [2] S. Matt. xviii. 17.

cannot meet. "You are the light of the world. A city seated on a mountain cannot be hid." Yet, "Do not think that I came to send peace upon the earth, I came not to send peace, but the sword."[1]

God has permitted Satan much power. We are told that "your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom he may devour," whom we must resist "strong in faith"[2]; and that "Satan himself transformeth himself into an angel of light."[3] Satan's power is alone limited by that of the Church of the living God, for "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."[4] That Church, founded on an imperishable rock, shall endure for all time; the tempests of heresy, and the earthquakes of schism, directed by the prince of darkness, may do their very utmost against God's Church, but it shall never fall.

Study the ecclesiastical history of God's Church in all her triumphs, and in all her vicissitudes. How often Satan and the world have appeared, for the time, to have prevailed, and how she has risen in all her glory. She has been persecuted and "hated,"[5] till Satan's triumph, through heresy and schism, has appeared within measurable distance. But fear not, she is "My Church," the body of Christ, of which He is the head. This is her description: "A glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that

[1] S. Matt. v. 14, 17.
[2] 1 Peter v. 8.
[3] 2 Cor. xi. 14.
[4] S. Matt. xvi. 18.
[5] Ibid. x. 22.

it should be holy, and without blemish."[1] This Church is the reason for all our faith, hope, and love; and being the divinely appointed source of all spiritual authority over us, she alone can teach us God's will, His one divine Faith.

A belief, or a series of disconnected beliefs, is not a Faith; a Faith is composed of many beliefs, but all in harmony with each other, as corporate parts of a strictly united whole.

There are many contradictory beliefs in the world, at enmity with each other and united alone in their bitter hatred to the one Catholic Faith. These beliefs are generally held as open questions, amenable to the authority of human judgement. But the eternity of the soul cannot, dare not, depend on such worthless advice, when it can have the teaching of "the pillar and ground of the truth,"[2] the authority of God's living Church.

The Church has a dual existence: as Christ is perfect God and perfect man, as man is composed of soul and body,—so the Church in heaven, and the visible Church on earth, both together, comprise the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church. Christ is "the head of the body, the Church."[3] "Is Christ divided?"[4] Nay, He is perfect unity.

Speaking of the birth of His Church, Christ said, "Yet a little while and the world seeth Me no more, but you see Me; because I live you shall live:" and, "The

[1] Eph. v. 27.
[2] 1 Tim. iii. 15.
[3] Col. i. 18.
[4] 1 Cor. i. 13.

Father shall give you another Paraclete, that He may *abide with you for ever*, the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive because it seeth Him not, nor knoweth Him; but you shall know Him, because He shall *abide with you*, and shall be in you. I will not leave you orphans, I will come to you." "But the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, *He will teach you all things*, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you."[1] And, "But when He, the Spirit of Truth, is come, *He will teach you all truth.*"[2]

Yet Christ predicted that His Church should meet with the most deadly opposition from the world and the devil—"Ye shall be hated," and, "Whoso killeth you, will think he doeth God's service"[3]—and that His Church should be tortured by heresies, and wounded by schisms, which preach "doctrines of devils," so that even those in the one true Faith and Fold should be dazzled, and almost deceived: yet, that, even if an angel from heaven came to declare a protestation against that one Faith, to invent a modern "gospel, besides that which we have preached to you, let him be Anathema."[4] Remark in this the fearful sin and peril of heresy against the One Faith of Almighty God, "damnable heresy," condemning its advocates to God's anger, as "sects of perdition,"[5] in defying the teaching of the Holy

[1] S. John xiv. 16, 19, 26.
[2] Ibid. xvi. 13.
[3] Ibid. xvi. 2.
[4] Gal. i. 8.
[5] 2 Peter ii. 1, national translation.

Ghost who dwells in the Church to teach her all God's truth to the end of time. "I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world."

From age to age, exactly according to Christ's prediction, novel, human, and heretical beliefs have been invented by human pride to attempt to overthrow the divine authority of God's Church; but as each is "another gospel"[1]—founded on human reason, human ignorance, human pride, human defiance; founded in all cases on the ever-shifting quicksands of private judgement, and in opposition and rivalry to the only one divine Faith which was founded by Christ on the rock; and without even the countenance of an angel from heaven—they must each and all be accounted as "Anathema."

The one ever-living Church, the one Fold of Christ, "My Church," claims and demands the obedience of every Christian soul throughout the whole world; and those alone who place themselves in humble submission and obedience to her parental authority and divine teaching, can learn "the way, the truth, and the life," that is, the fixed and decided doctrines of the one infallible Faith of the living God—"he that heareth you, heareth Me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth Me."[2]

There is but one Baptism, and every soul in the universe who has been efficiently baptized is a sheep who ought to be in subjection to the one Fold, and to

[1] 2 Cor. xi. 4. [2] S. Luke x. 16.

the authority of the one chief Shepherd, to whose care it was committed by Christ. "For in one spirit were we all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles." [1]

As the one Church, the one Fold, and the one Faith are not the results of man's wisdom, but of God's divine will, we shall hereafter be judged, not according to man's wisdom, not according to "other gospels," but simply by our obedience or disobedience to the doctrines of that which is "the pillar and ground of the truth, the Church of the living God," for "what shall be the end of them that believe not the Gospel of God?" [2]

Faith and obedience, we know, are absolutely necessary for the soul's salvation, but human wisdom is not; for "the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God." Pride opposing faith, and private judgement opposing obedience, deter men from examining the claims of Christ's divine Church upon their souls. Humility, faith, and obedience are the first lessons for the soul as a disciple of the one true Faith.

The Gospel which the Church of the living God teaches us is a coherent series of vital doctrines, which the Holy Ghost has taught her in leading her into all truth, and which she teaches us by His authority. Hence the positiveness, the decision, the certainty, the absence of wavering, indecision, doubt, in the decrees of the living Church, when she pronounces the infallible truth or the certain falsehood of any doctrine; for, like

[1] 1 Cor. xii. 13. [2] 1 Peter iv. 17.

her divine Lord, she speaks as one in authority, and each of her obedient children, every good Christian, listens to her words as the teaching of the Holy Ghost. Why? Because they know that we must all "hear the Church," and that whatsoever the Church binds on earth shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever the Church looses on earth shall be loosed also in heaven; and that "he that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me, and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me."[1] Why should these plain and emphatic words be distorted, qualified, glossed, watered down to the shallow level of human reason? or be forced, so as to harmonize with the foolishness of human wisdom? They are the teaching of Christ, and consequently of His Church, and they are therefore the truth. "My sheep hear My voice."[2]

"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism,"[3] is the teaching, and ever has been the teaching, of the Holy Catholic Church. "The sure foundation of God standeth firm,"[4] and not even Satan, the gates of hell, or an angel from heaven, much less heresies and schisms, can prevail against the pillar of truth.

For two thousand years, that peerless and living Church has watched the rise and fall of dynasties, the births and deaths of kingdoms, the beginnings and endings of empires, the setting up and crumbling away of republics—all the glories and triumphs of war, and

[1] S. Luke x. 16.
[2] S. John x. 27.
[3] Eph. iv. 5.
[4] 2 Tim. ii. 19.

of civilization throughout the world, all the heresies and schisms of the faithless, and all the immortal crowns won by the faithful; and she, that one Church, alone remains the one indestructible power in all the earth, just as in her youth, "the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

The soul, humble, obedient, plastic to receive instruction in divine knowledge from the teaching of the one Faith; ready to learn, to follow, to leave all in order that it may obey; "shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God,"[1] from God's authority, His Church.

Christ's Vicar.

Christ created the office of His own visible representative on earth; he who holds this office for the time being, is the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and he is the earthly foundation, head, source of unity and all spiritual authority and jurisdiction of Christ's One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church.

In selecting Peter as His first earthly representative, Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth it shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven."[2] Powers like these had never before, and

[1] S. John vii. 17. [2] S. Matt. xvi. 18.

have never since, been granted to mortal man. Who is that worm which dares to cavil at, or even doubt, the all-wise and divine reasons of his Creator?

Besides this, the Vicar of Jesus Christ was appointed His one chief Shepherd over His one Fold and Flock, to feed "My" sheep, and feed "My" lambs,[1] to nourish their souls in the doctrines of His one true Faith, and fold them within the strict barriers of His protection from all the dangers of Satan and the world.

Moreover, the Vicar of Jesus Christ was endowed with absolute certainty in his own faith, which should never fail; and as visible head of Christ's visible Church, it was he who was to confirm or strengthen the faith of his apostolic brethren. "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and thou being once converted, confirm thy brethren."[2] How could Christ's Vicar do this unless his voice was infallible truth?

Christ's commission of supreme spiritual power and authority to His Vicar was (if one might dare to paraphrase it) after this wise:—This supreme dignity I confer on thee; thou art the foundation rock of My imperishable Church, against which neither the powers of the world, nor the gates of hell shall ever prevail. I appoint thee the supreme earthly guardian of My one divine Faith, and I entrust thee with the keys of the kingdom of heaven, to loose or bind on earth, and I say it shall also be loosed or bound in heaven. I also appoint thee the chief shepherd of My one flock, to feed

[1] S. John xxi. 15. [2] S. Luke xxii. 32.

My sheep and lambs, and guard them within the boundaries of My one fold. "There shall be one fold, and one shepherd"[1] on earth till the end of time. And because the voice of My Vicar, as the chief shepherd of My flock, may have no uncertain sound—otherwise My sheep will not recognize his voice—I decree that thy faith shall never fail, so, by thine infallible voice, as My earthly Vicar, I bid thee confirm the faith of thy brethren in the Apostolate to the end of time; "for if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?"[2] And as the visible head of My visible Church, I say, "He that heareth you heareth Me, and he that despiseth you despiseth Me."[3]

Unity.

The One Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church must plainly demonstrate in the face of the world, the glory of unity in its Faith and doctrines; and this unity, so our Lord says, is to be a testimony to the world, by which it may recognize the Church of the living God as the pillar and ground of the truth. There must be no kind of "schism in the body,"[4] no vague uncertainty in the doctrines, no elasticity in the boundaries of the one true fold; otherwise unity, one of the great tests of Catholicity, would be absent.

There is nothing strained or forced in the perfect unity

[1] S. John x. 16. [2] 1 Cor. xiv. 8.
[3] S. Luke x. 6. (Read "The See of S. Peter," by Mr. Allies.)
[4] 1 Cor. xii. 25.

of the Faith of the Catholic Church. It is as natural to her as her life itself; for without spiritual unity there would be spiritual death. Unity in the Catholic Faith is naturally accounted for by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, who dwells in the Church to teach her all truth; the Holy Ghost could not teach uncertain, doubtful, or contradictory doctrine; nor could the Church, as the pillar and ground of the truth, teach, or allow to be taught, as truth, compromises in faith, or uncertainties in dogma.

The Holy Catholic Faith, then, as taught by the pillar and ground of the truth, the Church of the living God, must be absolutely and positively true, hence the miraculous spectacle of her unity. But all "other gospels," being heretical, are "anathema," because there is no unity in their beliefs, and because, therefore, positive and infallible teaching is impossible.[1] "He that believeth not shall be condemned." This cannot refer to a general acceptance, in a vague manner, of an indefinite faith; for "he therefore that shall break one of these least commandments, and shall so teach men, shall be called least in the kingdom of heaven."[2]

The unity of the future Church was prophesied by the High Priest—that "Jesus should die to gather together in one the children of God,"[3] that is, in one body, one fold, and one Faith.

Our dear Lord's will on the absolute necessity of unity in the Faith is unquestionable:—"And not for them

[1] S. Mark xvi. 16. [2] S. Matt. v. 19. [3] S. John xi. 52.

only do I pray, but for them also who, through their word, shall believe in Me; that they all may be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee, that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me, *and the glory which Thou hast given Me I have given to them, that they may be one as We are one.*"[1] This explains why there is and why there can only be one true Faith, with all its doctrines, its authoritative teachings, at unity with each other; and, on the other hand, why all contradictory teaching is "another gospel," and cannot be received as God's truth.

Continuity.

It is asserted by some that the one old original Faith remained intact as God's truth up to some entirely indefinite date which is never mentioned, but that after this supposed date the pillar and ground of the truth failed to be exclusively the one divine teacher of spiritual knowledge, God's truth; that she then no longer commanded the obedience of all, but that the one Faith required to be re-formed by man's wisdom to suit modern requirements. I prefer the advice of the Apostle, who exhorts us to "contend earnestly for the Faith once delivered to the saints,"[2] and to cleave to that one Church which was built by Christ on an indestructible foundation, and which is "an anchor of the soul, sure and firm,"[3] against which neither the wisdom of man

[1] S. John xvii. 20. [2] S. Jude i. 3. [3] Heb. vi. 19.

nor the sophistries of the world, nor the casuistries of Satan, nor the seductions of an angel from heaven, nor all the powers of hell combined, can ever prevail.

"Ubi Petrus, ibi ecclesia," says St. Ambrose—"Where Peter is, there is the Church." There is the rock, the indestructible foundation, the chief shepherd, the root, the confirmer of the apostolic faith.

That the original apostolical offices, with that of Christ's Vicar the centre of the unity of the one Faith, should lapse, and be entirely broken and lost at the death of their first occupants, appears to me an outrageous modern assumption, based on no inference or proof, direct or indirect, but simply on prejudiced private judgement. The promise that they, the original apostles, should live because Christ lived—"Because I live, you shall live"[1]—could not possibly refer to their natural lives, as they all died, but solely to the continuation of their spiritual offices through their successors. They were to "go into the whole world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."[2] But the original apostles could not do this, it was a perfect impossibility; therefore it could alone refer to a continuation of their offices to their successors, to the end of time.

Heresies and schisms arose, they were predicted, they were expected, but they in no way interfered with the apostolic mission as guardians of the one Faith. The promise that the Holy Ghost should abide with the Church, to teach her all truth, to the end of time,

[1] S. John xiv. 19. [2] S. Mark xvi. 15.

"Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world,"[1] would be totally inexplicable, if applied to the natural lives of the apostles, which shortly afterwards terminated.

If the office of Peter, the foundation rock of Christ's Church, the one shepherd of Christ's one fold, the custodian of the keys of heaven, the confirmer of the apostle's faith, is not just as exactly and as vitally existent now, to day, as it ever was, then we must suppose that the dissolution of the Church, with the one divine Faith, was accomplished at Peter's death. The Church could not exist if its foundation was destroyed. Then the gates of hell would have prevailed, and the Holy Ghost would have been proved to be unreliable. If Peter died before some of the other apostles, how could he, after that, continue to confirm their faith? No, if the Church of Christ and its one faith now exists, Peter, its foundation, still lives, and can only be found in Peter's successor in office, as chief shepherd, in the present Pope, the Vicar of Jesus Christ.

The soul which accepts the teaching of Christ's Church with child-like faith, with docility, with humility, and with that absolute obedience which Almighty God insists upon, is secure from all the discord of private judgement, all the perils of uncertainty, from all the mortal dangers of heresy and schism, from all the doubts, perplexities, and contradictions of "other gospels," and rests, with calm and complete assurance, under the

[1] S. Matt. xxviii. 20.

divine teaching of that one Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth, whose Faith can never fail and never be reformed.

A National Church.

The national belief of a National Church does not assume, pretend, or aspire to be, or to represent the one universal Faith of Christendom in itself, exclusively. The word "National" excludes the position of "Universal or Catholic." To justify its existence as a National Church, apart from and in opposition and defiance to the one Faith of the Catholic Church, is an admitted difficulty, admitted by all the contradictions of its attempted justifications. The Church created by Christ had one Faith and one Shepherd, and was exclusively one Fold. How can we recognize a National Church and National Faith in direct opposition to this one? What is the authority for a new Faith, which abjures the spiritual authority of the Church of Pentecost, together with the supremacy and jurisdiction of that foundation which Christ ordained? In the sixteenth century a revolt against the one Faith occurred; hundreds of thousands of souls deserted the one Faith, insisting on private judgement, but they were replaced by millions of converts who succeeded them. God is no respecter of persons. This revolt, called a reformation of the One Faith, was followed by solemn excommunication by the divine Church; and "whatso-

ever thou shalt bind on earth, it shall be bound also in heaven." [1]

A branch of the true vine must be in communion with its root, must be in communion with and in obedience to the one foundation of Christ's Church, His Vicar, who, from Pope to Pope back to St. Peter, the imperishable rock, guards the keys of heaven, and is alone commissioned to fold and feed all His sheep and lambs.

My subject has been the One True Fold; I should be the last to question the sincerity, the honesty, and the faith of those who are unfortunately "not of this fold." [2] I appreciate and greatly admire their magnificent, yet totally irresponsible work; I pray for them. "Be zealous for the better gifts, and I show unto you yet a more excellent way." [3] "Obedience is better than sacrifices." [4]

[1] S. Matt. xvi. 19. [2] S. John x. 16. [3] 1 Cor. xii. 31.
[4] 1 Kings xv. 22 (1 Sam. xv. 22).

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FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT

BY MONSIGNOR W. CROKE ROBINSON, M.A.[1]

It is difficult to know where to start in a subject so large and profound as the change of one's faith, and the process by which that change came about. I will endeavour to trace the beginnings from which were evolved eventually five conclusions which led me to the Catholic Church.

I must premise that I was brought up as a Low Church Anglican, but that a very little serious thought brought me to what is known as Tractarianism, as distinguished from Evangelicanism on the one side and Ritualism on the other, with neither of which I had any sympathy. I thought the one narrow-minded and illogical, and the other illogical and dishonest; and I think so now. I very soon began to be disturbed and unsettled by the confusion worse confounded of Anglicanism. I asked myself, "Can Almighty God be the author of this confusion? Can our Divine Saviour's promise be fulfilled 'that the gates of hell shall not pre-

[1] Reprinted, by permission of the publishers, from *Roads to Rome* (Longmans).

vail against His Church,' or His prayer be answered, 'that they may be all one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me'?"[1] I could neither explain the difficulty nor get it explained. As yet the Catholic and Roman Church, for whatever reason, never entered into my thoughts. These early troubles were the beginning of what I may truly call my ten years' agony. For it took me all that time—that is, from 1862 to 1872—to find my way from darkness to light.

It was not very long before it dawned upon me that every Anglican, of whatever school, was in reality a law to himself, and that he acted on his own authority; and then it was that the question of *authority* became to me the "*articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*," and ever afterwards. I asked every one I met, "By what authority dost thou believe, and doest thou these things?" Sometimes, on my inquiry of this or that divine, I was referred to the Prayer-book as my authority, sometimes to the Fathers of the Church, sometimes to the Primitive Church. It took me some years to discover the fallacy of such appeals to authority; why, I cannot think. But that is always the way when one becomes a Catholic. One is sure to feel and say, "How could it have taken so long to discover what a moment's serious thought and the exercise of a little common sense ought to have revealed? How is it that every Anglican cannot see it?" The answer, of course, is that they have not the gift of faith. They even might see it—that is to say, might be intellectually convinced of the fallacy of such

[1] St. John xvii. 21.

appeals, and moreover of the logical standpoint of the Catholic Church; and yet, for all that, they will not, and cannot become Catholics. For—and here I must be pardoned for making a considerable digression—intellectual conviction is not faith. It cannot be too strongly insisted upon at this present moment (January, 1901). There are thousands and tens of thousands to-day who are intellectually convinced that of all bodies of men calling themselves Christians, the Catholic Church alone is logical and unassailable in its credentials. But they do not, and will not, ever become Catholics because they have not faith.

Let me give an illustration of the difference between intellectual conviction and faith. For several years the astronomers Adams and Leverrier were intellectually convinced of the existence of the planet Neptune. It was not till 1846 that M. Galle, of Berlin, actually saw it. This similitude explains itself.

God alone can give the faculty of seeing as well in the order of grace as in that of nature; and until He gives it, no man can attain to it by any process of scientific inference. And here, let me observe, many of the so-called apostasies of our days are to be explained. They are not really apostasies. It is simply this, that certain men have reasoned themselves into the Church and then have reasoned themselves out again. They were merely intellectually convinced, and were received on the strength of this conviction by priests who possibly took too much for granted, and who neglected to satisfy themselves about the faith of their neophytes, accounting such precautions as superfluous in the case of educated men or members of the Universities. But these

people are not apostates, for they never had the faith. When a man has once the real gift of faith—that is to say, the gift of God's grace, which elevates his reason above his natural powers and attainments, so that it rises and passes from intellectual conviction into faith, which is an act of the reason but different in *kind* as well as degree from intellectual consent—when, I say, a man once has this great gift of God, it is impossible for him, so I think, to lose it, and to relapse into any form of Protestantism. He may lose it by wilfully and persistently sinning against the faith, and, being punished by judicial blindness, become an infidel. This, of course, is true in the abstract. But, in the concrete, it may well be doubted whether this or that person among the exceedingly few apostates of to-day has really lost the faith. For myself, I do not believe they have.

But to return to my subject. At length I saw through the fallacy of any appeal to the Prayer-book, or the Fathers, or the Primitive Church, or the Church of the Ritualists. To begin with the last. A Ritualist has always seemed to me to be one who forms for himself his own theory of the Church, and then religiously obeys, not the Church, but his own theory of it. He is as much a law to himself as the extremest Evangelical. His is merely a case of obedience to self once removed. All Anglicans likewise form their own theory of the Prayer-book, their own commentary on the Fathers of the Church, their own account of the Primitive Church. They are simply a law to themselves, and the slaves of a self-imposed obedience. This conviction of my mind was, I know not why, very slow in its growth, but it came at last, and was indeed a disillusionment! But, besides this, it occurred to me to

nquire of what practical use is the dead letter of any book, whether Prayer-book, or Patristic writings, or even the Bible itself. For any practical purpose, what is wanted is the living voice of authority to determine infallibly what the book means or does not mean in the cause of Holy Writ; and what is true or false doctrine in the pages of all other writers, even those of the Fathers of the Church, all of whom—with the solitary exception of St. Gregory Nazianzen—we as Catholics know have more or less committed themselves, here and there, to false doctrine. Where is the living voice among Anglicans? Echo answers, "Where?" It is quite past my comprehension how such men as Lord Halifax fail to see what is so obvious, and keep on appealing with wearisome monotony to what the Prayer-book teaches, or the Church of England teaches, when the fact must be patent to him, as it is to all the world, that there is no living authorized interpreter of either, and never can be, unless it be the Crown, which of course they repudiate. Here I find I must relinquish the continuous narrative of the process of my conversion for want of space. I will proceed to notice one or two of the chief difficulties which occurred to me on the march to the Catholic Church, and the solution of them which satisfied me, but may not, I am perfectly aware, satisfy everybody.

The first difficulty occurred to me in the condemnation of Private Judgement by the Catholic Church. Catholic teaching on this point seemed to me inconsistent with itself; because at one moment it insists on the use of Private Judgement, and in the next it absolutely forbids it. The answer, however, is very simple; though it was

some time in coming home to me. Of course, a man must use his reason to examine the credentials of the Catholic Church. When he is satisfied with them, and has found the true Church, he gives up his Private Judgement and submits to the judgement of the Church. As Cardinal Newman writes, in his own inimitable style, "Those who are external to the Church must begin with Private Judgement: they use it in order to ultimately supersede it; as a man out of doors uses a lamp on a dark night, and puts it out when he gets home. What would be thought of his bringing it into the drawing-room?"[1]

I was puzzled for a time with another plausible contention. It occurred to me that it might be said, "You admit that by Private Judgement a man finds out the Catholic Church. Well, then, although he subsequently lays it aside, yet what was Private Judgement in the first instance must always be Private Judgement. By Private Judgement he began: Private Judgement, therefore, is the real foundation of his subsequent belief." But I saw before long that this objection proves a great deal too much. It seems to imply, at least to me, that, in the last resort, truth is nothing more to a man than what seems to him to be truth. A most dangerous doctrine, truly, as well as utterly false! It spells Idealism in Philosophy, Licentiousness in Morals, and Anarchy in Politics. Surely truth is not dependent for its being on Private Judgement. By Private Judgement we attain to it, but the truth was there before we discovered it, and no matter what we think about it; and, the moment we arrive at it, we rest upon the truth, not upon the Private

[1] *Loss and Gain*, p. 203.

Judgement which brought us to it. By Private Judgement, at some time of my life, I apprehended the authority of the English Crown; the moment I did so, I gave my intelligent allegiance to it. Henceforth, I rested upon the authority of the Crown, not upon my mental apprehension of it. I am now a British subject, not because mentally I have come to that conclusion, but because of the *fact*. Or, to adopt another illustration: by means of a ladder I mount a platform; I am then standing on the platform, and not on the ladder which is left down below. By Private Judgement, then, a man must find out the Catholic Church. When he finds it, it is a huge *objective fact*. All men must be agreed about it as a gigantic organization, which has existed these nineteen hundred years. For all that time—the name and date of every Pope being historical facts—it has become a chief factor in the history of Europe. All that time it has taught with the living voice, and ruled with an incomparable discipline. There it is to-day, as of old, independent altogether of what men may think about it, a stubborn, undeniable, unmistakable fact. Whether it be true or false in its doctrine is beside the mark: there it is, and there it will be; that is all we are maintaining.

Well, then, a man discovers this Church; he makes his allegiance to it, and is formally accepted by it. Henceforth he rests upon the authority of the Catholic Church, not upon his mental apprehension of it. He is a Catholic, not because he thinks he is, but because of the fact of his formal reception into the Catholic Church: whereas an Anglican rests, not in facts, but

in his theory of facts. Not one of the objects of his religious allegiance really exists except in his imagination. He will say, "Surely the Prayer-book is a fact." To which I reply, "Well, of course it is; but not the Catholic interpretation of it; for all men are not agreed about that; indeed, the great majority are violently opposed to it. As long as there is a Broad Church interpretation of it, or an Evangelical, so long the High Church interpretation of it must be a theory and not a fact." The same with the Fathers of the Church or the Primitive Church. These things are, of course, facts in themselves, but not to the Anglican, only the Anglican interpretation of them, which is a very different thing. From beginning to end, therefore, the Anglican is a creature of Private Judgement, not a child of faith; and from the extremest Ritualist down to the most rabid Evangelical, he is a Protestant pure and simple.

But all this is reasoning in the mere natural order of things. Let us go to the supernatural. By Private Judgement, then, aided by grace—for without that he can do nothing—a man finds out the Catholic Church; then Private Judgement is superseded by Faith, which, as has been already said, elevates and sustains the reason above the level of its own natural powers. It is on that platform that he stands ever afterwards, and Private Judgement is the ladder by which he reached it and is of no further use.

Upon this, another objection occurred to me, which may be worded thus: "That is a convenient way of getting out of a difficulty by appealing to faith which is not cognizable by any human sense. It may be or it

may not be as you say, but that is not argument after all." To this I reply: "Quite so; to every one but a Catholic it is, I grant, inconclusive. But, then, must it not of its very nature be so? I cannot show anybody my faith, as I can show him a bunch of keys taken from my pocket. All I know is that I have it, and that the non-Catholic has it not, and that that great gift of God is my foundation, and no longer Private Judgement, which is, *ipso facto*, driven out by faith just as darkness is by light."

I do not remember any other serious intellectual difficulty, or one that detained me for long. Bad popes and bad priests never troubled me for a moment. The office and the man are so obviously distinct, that the mind must be addled that does not see it at a glance. A policeman may be an immoral man, but the 'bus-drivers and the cabmen will obey him, and rein in their horses at his bidding, because he is a policeman. The sentence of an immoral judge will avail to hang a guilty murderer, because it is the official act of a judge; it is not invalid because the judge is a bad man.

But, before I formulate my five conclusions, I must here declare my greatest obstacle to my conversion, which was not intellectual but moral. I loved the English Church intensely. It was associated with everybody and everything dear to me from the first dawn of consciousness. From a worldly point of view, to change my faith was to lose everything dear to me and to gain nothing. It meant the wreck of one's life, shattered nerves, and, for all I knew, absolute destitution. Can it be wondered that I felt reluctant to take

the step? Whilst I cannot accuse myself positively of bad faith, yet I must own that the terrible prospect before me made me dilatory in the work of finding out the truth. I have always accounted it as nothing short of a signal miracle of God's grace by which a conversion such as mine was brought about. For ever and for ever blessed be His Holy Name, and the intercession of His Blessed Mother!

I come then, finally, to the five conclusions already alluded to, which pointed, unmistakably—in the reputed language of Lord Macaulay after one of Cardinal Wiseman's famous lectures -to "*either the Catholic Church or Babel.*"

Point I.—*If my soul is to be saved, God must show me the way. It is not for me to choose my own way, and offer that to God.* These words may seem a truism, but they are not really so; on the contrary, they are most useful as hitting off the Catholic and Protestant position exactly. The Ritualist, the High Churchman, the Broad Churchman, the Evangelical, the Nonconformist, all alike formulate their own views of religion, and offer them for God's acceptance as their account of salvation. The Catholic calls that putting the cart before the horse. The Catholic standpoint is this: that it is for God to reveal His own way of salvation, and all that man has to do is to find out where that is and to obey it. Further, that God *has* revealed it, and has committed this revelation to a competent authority upon earth, to guard it from error and to enforce its observance. It is the duty of man to find out where this oracle of truth is, and submit mind and heart to it.

POINT II.—*When God does reveal the way of salvation, it will and must be* ONE—

(1) One in *number*.

(2) One in *unity*.

(1) One in *number*, *i.e.*, "ONE LORD, ONE FAITH, ONE BAPTISM" (Eph. iv. 5). Nowhere does Scripture give a hint as to more than one Church. When St. John writes to the Seven Churches of Asia, he is, of course, writing to seven hierarchies of the one only Church. And so historians sometimes speak of the English Church or French Church, meaning the Catholic Church in England or France. But mere common sense postulates oneness in number. It is impossible to imagine more than one way of salvation. Of course, it is conceivable that Almighty God could make many ways of salvation, because He can do all things; but it is not conceivable how confusion worse confounded would be avoided if He did. Supposing there was one way for Europe, another for Asia, another for Africa, another for America, a man would have to change his religion four times in a voyage round the world; and where could he tell where his good ship passed from one way of salvation into that of another? Some spiritual Trinity House would have to mark the supremely important boundaries of buoys. I know this is fooling; but then, the theory I am trying to gibbet is fooling too.

(2) Next, if the revelation is one in number it will be one in *unity* too; that is to say, the earthly teachers of it will be one, and the taught will be one. Why? Because it is the truth. Truth is one: one in the teacher, and one in the taught of its very nature. For instance, London is a city on the Thames. That

is truth; and so all schoolmasters are one in teaching it, and all scholars one in learning it. Why? Because it is true. About God's way of salvation, then, wherever located on the earth -and located it must be somewhere —there will be unity in the teacher and unity in the taught. If I do not find unity in the teacher and unity in the taught, then I shall know that the truth is not there, from the very fact that there is not unity about it. Let us be quite sure about this. The following proposition is undeniable. Wherever the truth is, there must be unity of the teacher and unity of the taught about it, because it is true. But the proposition, "Wherever there is unity in the teacher and unity in the taught there is truth," cannot, of course, be maintained as it stands; because teachers and scholars may conceivably be agreed upon what is false. Yet, observe, in religious argument, even this last proposition is undeniable. For, as a matter of fact, no religious system of human opinion has ever succeeded in maintaining unity, and for this reason: because the moment you depart from the Divine rule of faith, wherever it may be, you are landed, *ipso facto*, in human opinion. There is no intermediate position possible. Now, human opinion must of its very nature be variable, because the human mind has been created by God as variable as the human face. When Dr. Benson, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, ordered prayers for unity of belief among his flock, I remember saying that he might just as usefully pray for *unity of countenance* among them. Therefore, in point of fact, though not perhaps in logic, the religious inquirer may be quite sure that where there is not unity in the teacher and unity in the taught, there cannot be truth; and that

conversely, wherever there is unity in the teacher and unity in the taught, there, *ipso facto*, is Divine truth.

POINT III.—*If God does make a revelation of the way by which the soul is to be saved, that revelation will be infallible.*

A. Infallible in its SUBJECT MATTER—

(1) Because Almighty God delivers it. How can it be otherwise?

(2) Because my soul wants nothing less. I cannot trifle with eternity. I cannot afford to make a mistake about it, which it is impossible to put right after death.

B. Infallible in its EARTHLY MOUTHPIECE—

(1) For of what practical use would be infallible truth with a fallible mouthpiece?

(2) How can Almighty God punish me for ever, if I refuse to believe a teacher who may mislead me? It is my solemn duty to refuse belief in such an one. Remember, we have to give an account of our faith as well as of our morals, and of faith before morals. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: he that believeth not shall be condemned" (St. Mark xvi. 16). How can God punish me eternally for want of faith, unless he gives me an infallible teacher, whereby I can secure infallible truth? An infallible teacher of salvation is the most pressing of all the needs of the soul, and yet the very mention of an infallible teacher makes the average Englishman shiver in his shoes. This is indeed astounding. Well, then, somewhere on earth, and in some authoritative body of men, or in the office of one man, must be placed by Almighty God the infallible oracle of truth. The way of salvation, then, is reduced to great simplicity by this time. All a man has to do is

to find out where the oracle is, and then believe what it teaches, and do what it commands.

POINT IV.—*This way of salvation will be exclusive.* That is to say, it will be the only one; and every other way of salvation will be false. This means that the true Church, wherever it is, will not only be the best of all Churches, but the *only* one. This point seems to require no further remark; and yet I remember a catechumen once saying to me when teaching it, "Oh, Father, that is a tall order and no mistake!"

POINT V.—*To accept when once seen or wilfully to reject this way of salvation is a matter of life or death eternal.* This seems obvious from the words of Scripture already quoted. To see it not, *by* a man's own fault, is likewise to be lost. Once the solid conviction has crossed a man's brain, that if he inquired honestly into the credentials of the Catholic Church he would be convinced of the truth of it, and bound to submit to it in mind and will—that man must go on in his inquiry, otherwise he will be lost. To see it not, *not* by a man's fault—that is to say, in a case where it has never occurred to a man's mind that his own religion is false or that any other religion can be true—then, not to believe in the Catholic Church will not, of course, entail eternal loss on that account. All this was self-evident to me, but it may not be so to others. With that I have nothing to do.

My task is nearly done. Only a few words are needed to show that the Catholic and Roman Church alone can satisfy these five points or conclusions. Let the religious inquirer examine any system of religion other than that of the Catholic Church, he will find that it breaks down on one or more of these five points. Ask the

Ritualist first, who is in many ways nearer to the truth (and yet of him I say, "thou art so near and yet so far"), is he one with his brother Anglicans in faith? And what must he answer if he speaks the truth? Is he infallible, or the Church of his invention? Is the *Church Times* infallible? No; he breaks down hopelessly, and all his fellow-Protestants when submitted to the test of my five points. But ask next the Catholic Church if it can satisfy these same points, and you will soon see how perfectly she can stand the test.

Point I.—This point, as we have already seen, is the Catholic standpoint *par excellence*.

Point II.—Is the Catholic and Roman Church one? Yes; absolutely one in number and in unity all over the world, in every climate, in every race of men: one in the teachers and one in the taught. It is this marvellous fact that in point of fact converted me. I have always considered this unity of nineteen hundred years as God's greatest miracle.

Point III.—Is the Catholic Church infallible? Yes; and it has always claimed to be, and has acted as the infallible Divine teacher of truth from the time of Christ. The Catholic Church alone of all religious bodies claims infallibility. The very claim sufficiently proved its truth to me.

Point IV.—Is the Catholic Church exclusive? Yes it says, "I, and I only am the one true religion. All others are false, and not to be accounted religions at all."

Point V.—Is it a matter of life or death eternal to accept when seen or wilfully reject the Catholic Church? The Catholic Church replies "Yes." She alone teaches

this: no other system of Christianity has dared to teach it.

Here I conclude the history of my conversion. I do not pretend to do anything more than show what led me to the Catholic Church. I do not lay down any law for others. All I know is that I have the faith, and in the profession and peace of it I have lived twenty-nine years. Not a shadow of a doubt in it has ever crossed my mind during that long time. In this faith I still live, and in this faith I hope to die. Amen.

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A PEACEFUL VICTORY.

In the beautiful and picturesque country called the Tyrol, there is a charming little town which we will call St. Andrew, who is the patron of the church. It is situated on a rising ground, surrounded by pine and beech woods, above which rise fine mountain peaks with rushing streams, which fall into a little lake below. There is only one street, with a square at the end, in the centre of which rises a statue of our Lady; on one side is the old Gothic house of the mayor and on the other the fine church, with its beautiful tower, in the Renaissance style of architecture. Behind the sacristy is the cemetery, with its crosses, gay flowers and holy inscriptions; and on the other side is the presbytery, with its sunny garden, and the large school, where upwards of a hundred children are gathered under the care of the good and holy Sisters whose convent it adjoins. It is, in fact, the type of a Tyrolean village, where the people are pious, hard-working, and contented, putting God first in their daily lives—rarely missing the five o'clock Mass and gathering their children round them every evening to say their Rosary and night prayers. Every house and every field has its

patron saint, and is thus put under holy protection. The roads are full of little wayside shrines, where the peasants stop and say their little prayer before the Crucifix, or kneel for the Angelus as they pass by.

One afternoon, the venerable old priest was standing rather anxiously at the door of his presbytery, looking down the street and on to the road beyond. At last, at the corner of the hill-side, a cart was seen, bearing a large case and drawn by two fine horses. The priest gave a sigh of relief and went in to fetch his sister, who kept his house, and who came out joyfully, exclaiming :—

"O yes, it is indeed the statue. But what a time they have been bringing it! Ever since four in the morning!"

"The case is so heavy," replied the priest, "and the road so steep."

Presently the horses came to a stand; again another effort and a fresh stoppage, the poor beasts could not face the steep hill. The priest hastened to a neighbouring house and called a peasant who was cleaning his scythe.

"Gregory!" he exclaimed, "will you kindly lend your two oxen for a few minutes, to help the men who are striving to drag up the new statue, which is too heavy for their horses?"

"Gladly, Father!" replied the peasant, and hastened to harness his beasts and take them down the steep incline. With that welcome help, the cart was dragged up to the church door, where upwards of twenty of the peasants were gathered together and, under the direction of the carpenter, helped to draw the case on levers out of

the cart and into the church. Then, very carefully, the case was opened, the shavings and paper removed, and the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart was revealed and was carefully raised and placed on the altar prepared to receive it. A cry of admiration rose from them all, for it was a real work of art; and no one was more delighted than the old priest, who had tears of joy in his eyes.

He was beginning to explain to the peasants the beauty of the work when a carriage was heard, which stopped at the church door, and which he hastened down the church to meet. It contained a widow lady, of high birth, in deep mourning; the priest bowed and said:—

"I do not know how to thank your ladyship for your beautiful gift!"

"Are you satisfied with it?" she eagerly replied.

"More than satisfied," answered the priest: "have the kindness to come into the church and see it for yourself. The statue is already on the altar and is beautiful. May God reward you!"

The lady came, and having prayed for a few minutes before the Blessed Sacrament, went into the chapel where the new statue had been placed. It was a memento she had put up to the memory of her beloved and excellent husband, whom she had lost a few months before. After studying it for a few minutes, she said:—

"It is just what I wished, and is an exact reproduction of the drawing sent to me from Paris. It comes from the studio of one of the best sculptors in France, and is in good hard stone. I had it painted and gilt, as I

thought it would please our good peasants more in that way; and I must say it is admirably done. The expression is so good: it seems as if our Lord was calling to us!"

"Yes, dear madam," replied the priest. "It is indeed perfect, and what a gift to my poor parishioners! How can we thank you enough! How delicately it is modelled! how fine are the features! Could one not fancy that Christ is saying to us, whilst pointing to His side, 'This is the Heart which has so loved men!'" Then he added: "I am going to bless it this evening at eight o'clock, so that we may begin at once our month of devotion to the Sacred Heart. Benediction will be at eight."

"But will that not be too soon?" exclaimed the lady. "Will you be able to let your people know?"

"O yes," replied the priest. "I am going to the school and will tell all the children about it and they will soon carry the good news everywhere."

"Very well, at eight o'clock, then, I will come," answered the lady; and taking leave of the good priest she hastened to drive home to her château, which was at some little distance off.

Having given directions to his sacristan to ornament the altar with candles and lights, the priest went to the school. Having told the children of the arrival of the new statue and explained to them the meaning of the devotion, he told them to go to their respective homes and tell their parents and every one they met or saw that he was going to give Benediction at eight and bless the new statue. Then he took them into the church

to show it to them; they were delighted, and joyfully ran home to tell their families all about it.

For a long time a woman still young was kneeling on a bench before the Sacred Heart altar. She was about thirty years of age, dressed as a Tyrolean, with a face full of sweetness and piety, yet with a very sad expression.

"My Lord Jesus!" she exclaimed; "good and loving Master, O convert my husband! Bring him back to the practices of devotion, to his duties as a Catholic. Let him be again what he was three years ago! He is not naturally bad; he has only been persuaded to leave the good path by evil companions. He is very unhappy, I am sure of it. One word from Thee, O Jesus! one act of grace, would bring back my poor Conrad to the Faith. O merciful Saviour, look down in Thy mercy on my sorrow! It is terrible to see my husband giving scandal to the whole town, neglecting the Sacraments, not going near the church, grieving our good and holy pastor, and setting such a bad example to his children. My Lord Jesus! by the means of Thy Sacred Heart, touch the heart which has wandered so far from Thee, so that he may become once more pious and good!"

For more than half an hour Joan, the wife of Conrad Seiler, a sculptor, prayed over and over again in these words. Her three children came to kneel beside her—the eldest, Margaret, who was twelve years old, had already made her First Communion and was her mother's great consolation. Little Louisa was ten and Franz only eight years old; but they were quiet and silent before their mother's evident sorrow.

"Mother," at last said Margaret, "it is time to go home for dinner."

"Let us say three 'Our Fathers' and 'Hail Maries' first," replied Joan; "and then 'Sacred Heart of Jesus, have mercy upon us!'" They did so very reverently and then left the church, the children full of excitement and pleasure at the beauty of the statue.

Joan, having prepared everything carefully for the meal, called her husband, who was working in a shed, which served as a studio, out of the court. Conrad threw down his hammer and scissors and answered gruffly enough: "That's all right, I'm coming."

Conrad Seiler was a man of about forty, tall and square-shouldered, with a rather hard and disagreeable face. Any one could see that he was not happy. Yet he had been so when he married the gentle and loving Joan, and never thought himself more so than in his bright little home. The parish priest had got work for him in making the crosses and monuments in the churchyard. Then different people employed him to add to or ornament their houses: his debts were all paid, and he had begun to put money aside. The children had come to add to their happiness, and religion was the ruling influence in their lives.

Unhappily, a rich merchant from France had come to settle at St. Andrew's, and employed Conrad in his new buildings. This man was a free-thinker, a drunkard, and one whose whole delight was in ridiculing the piety of the people, abusing the clergy and striving to destroy the faith of every one he came across. He found the simple, unlettered Conrad an easy tool, filled his mind

with doubts of every sort, took him off to the public-house, where he introduced him to two other friends of his, who were gamblers, and induced him to drink and play, till he lost his money, his health and his happiness. Now and then, Conrad would yield to Joan's entreaties and try and break with these men. But then they would taunt him with being under his wife's petticoats or under the dominion of the priests. Finally, he not only gave up going to church, but did not dare bow to the rector, when he met him.

Yet Conrad had not quite lost his faith. On the contrary, when he had to carve some inscription on a tomb like "Praised be Jesus Christ," or "God sees all we do," he would be miserable for days, dreading hell and the future, and yet not having the moral courage to shake off the yoke of these impious men. What poor Joan had to suffer no one knew. His furious rages, his blasphemies and violence went so far as to strike her on various occasions, so that she frequently had to fly from the house to escape him. Her only comfort was in prayer.

"I feel sure he will come back some day," the good old priest would say to console her. "Let us only go on praying and hoping."

The Angelus was ringing when Conrad came into the kitchen, and Joan and her children were saying it with great devotion. Conrad only went to wash his hands, and sat down to eat without saying grace or giving any sign of faith.

"Do you know what has happened?" said Joan cheerfully to him.

"No," replied Conrad; "I have been hard at work all the morning and have seen no one."

"Well, a beautiful statue has come from Paris, given by the Countess to the church in memory of her husband. You, who understand sculpture, must go and see it. It is beautiful and I am sure you will like it."

"What is it the statue of?" inquired Conrad.

"Oh! of the Sacred Heart, as our Lord appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary at Paray-le-Monial."

"Bah! all those figures are made in the same way of plaster, with a bit of white and blue and red here and there. One knows well the sort of thing. It's not worth while to trouble to go and look at that!"

"You are mistaken," gently replied Joan: "this statue is really life-like, and made of beautiful stone."

"Yes, father," continued Margaret. "It is very large and really looks as if our Lord was speaking to us. The rector told us that he was going to bless the statue after Benediction this evening, and he wants you and all of us to go."

"Eat your dinner and hold your tongue!" replied her father angrily; and then, turning to his wife, said: "Don't fancy you will catch me in a trap in that way! Go to church if you choose; it is enough for me to let you waste your time like that! Leave me alone, with your devotions and your statues!" In a few moments, growing more and more angry, he added: "Ah! that Countess! It's very easy for her to send for statues from Paris, with all her money; and in the meantime she leaves all the poor people here to die of hunger!" and he looked at Joan with fury in his eyes.

The dinner was ended in silence. Conrad got up, filled his pipe and dashed out of the house, slamming the door after him with all his might. Joan watched him very tearfully from the window and saw him stamping, gesticulating, and acting like a madman. The children went back to school, and Joan, having put away the dinner-things and taken her knitting, spent the afternoon in praying in her heart to our Lord to bring her husband back to his old faith and piety.

At seven o'clock the bells began to ring, and Conrad came in, his day's work being over. Silent and in bad humour, he sat down on a bench near the door and watched them. Joan in her Tyrolean dress, with her three pretty children, started for church, saying softly to her husband :—

"We shall come back at nine o'clock. If you go out, please put up the shutters and lock the door and put the key under the bench. Your supper is all ready in the oven."

"All right," replied Conrad with an indifferent manner ; but in reality he was broken-hearted. He was alone—alone like an outcast! He who ought to have given an example, and taken his wife and children to the church where the whole parish had gathered!

"*She* finds her consolation in God," he murmured to himself. "If she suffers, it is my fault. I have spent all my money only to make myself ill and miserable. Not content with ruining me at play, those brutes of men first made me drunk, and then insulted and ridiculed me. Oh! what a fool I have been!" he cried out,

stamping his foot. "Even the inn-keeper advised me to give up those men who were only trying to ruin me, body and soul. All that my poor wife said to me was true. Then my poor little gentle Margaret, how she cried when I would not go with her to her First Communion! that was really a crime!"

The poor man was positively furious with himself. At last, he got up and said resolutely: "I must have done with all this! It has lasted too long already. I was so happy formerly, and now I am desperate. Ah! if I had only listened to good advice, I should have had money and the respect of every one; now I am both poor and despised!"

Conrad went into the house and tried to eat his supper, but he could not. His appetite was gone. Hurriedly he took off his working clothes and put on better ones. He crammed his hat on his head and went out, shutting the door; but instead of putting the key under the bench, he put it in his pocket. As he passed through the little town, he did not see a single open window, or a light. Every one was at Benediction. When he got near the church he saw all the windows were brilliantly lit up. He heard the organ, and then came a beautiful Tyrolese hymn which in old times he used to sing with pleasure: then the music ceased, and the voice of the good old rector was heard.

Conrad drew near to the door, which was open, and listened. The priest began by speaking of the heart, as being the centre of our being; the source from which the blood flowed to fill the whole body with life and movement; and then dwelt upon the Heart of Jesus.

He developed what was the object of devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—*i.e.*, greater love of our Lord, whose Heart had so loved and suffered for us. Suffering, resignation, sacrifice, self-devotion, charity towards all men—these were some of the lessons which that Heart should teach us. Then thanking the pious donor of the statue in the name of the whole parish he added: "Look at this representation of our Blessed Lord Jesus Christ! Look at His forehead, crowned with thorns to expiate our sinful thoughts and actions. Look at those eyes whose glance captivated crowds, terrified demons, confounded hypocrites. Look at that Divine mouth, from whence flowed words of life, of healing, of love, of sympathy. Does not that voice seem to say to us: 'Come unto Me, all ye who suffer, and I will console you'? Look at this Heart, which has loved you even unto the death of the Cross. 'Learn of Me,' He says, 'who am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest unto your souls.'"

The holy old man continued in this strain, and then exhorted his congregation to consecrate themselves to this Divine Heart before the statue which he was about to bless. Hardly had Conrad heard that the organ was again sounding for the hymns of the ritual than he took off his hat, entered the church, taking holy water as he did so, and, signing himself with the sign of the Cross, went to kneel close to the altar, which was brilliant with flowers and lights. "Ah!" he exclaimed to himself, "that statue is indeed worth seeing. Such pure stone and so finely sculptured! What a beautiful expression! and what a natural

attitude! I quite understand that people should follow a devotion like that!" It seemed to Conrad as if those eyes were searching his conscience and he felt as if he should die of shame.

Then the rector appeared with the choir; he was dressed in his best cope, and placed the Sacred Host in a beautiful monstrance. The people sang the "O Salutaris hostia," and Conrad's eyes filled with tears. The priest blessed the kneeling crowd with the Blessed Sacrament, and Conrad struck his breast and prayed with his whole heart for pardon and mercy. "Lord, forgive me, save me! give me back Thy peace that I may serve Thee faithfully ever more!" When he raised his head, it seemed to him as if a ray from the monstrance had purified both his soul and heart. And then the antiphon was sung: "We are on our knees before Thy throne of grace, O Good Shepherd! O Jesus, Son of God! Holy! Holy! Holy! May the Blessed Sacrament be everywhere exalted and adored."

The priest then blessed the statue, prayed for the Pope, the Emperor, the living and the dead, and the beautiful ceremony was closed; while, as the organ sounded once more, the people rose and left the church, happy and contented with that joy which the world can neither give nor take away.

But one man in the church did not stir and was still kneeling—that was Conrad. He was imploring pardon, strength and grace. The lights were put out, the organ was silent, only the lamp before the sanctuary was softly burning amidst the shadows. The perfume of the flowers and incense remained, and in a broken voice

he exclaimed: "To-morrow, O my God! I will come back to Thy feet, to Thy Heart!"

Scarcely had he said those words when he felt a soft hand on his shoulder, and turning round saw his wife kneeling by him, but silent from happiness and astonishment.

"Oh, Conrad!" she said at last; "how right you were to come! Was it not beautiful? Did you hear the sermon?"

"O yes!" replied Conrad. "It is time to come home, let us go."

He knelt, made the sign of the Cross on his forehead, lips, and chest, as they do in the Tyrol, and went out of the church. The children were waiting at the door for their parents and could talk of nothing but of the beauty of the service. Joan said nothing, but leant on her husband's arm, and thought within herself: "The Sacred Heart has done what I hoped, and my husband will be good and pious as he was before."

On their return home, Conrad sat on the stone bench, silent and sad. The children came to wish him good-night. He kissed them with unusual tenderness. Joan put Louisa and Franz, the two little ones, who were already half asleep, to bed, and dropped a little holy water on their foreheads as she kissed them. Then turning to Margaret she said: "Pray for your father this evening, that the Sacred Heart may bless him!" The little girl understood and warmly kissed her mother.

"Conrad," said Joan when she came back to him, "I met the rector when I was going to church and he said he reckoned upon you to fix the statue properly in

the wall to-morrow, and I said I was sure you would go. Was I right?"

"The rector is very kind," replied Conrad, "and I am surprised at his asking for me after my behaviour towards him!"

"There is always time to acknowledge when one has been in the wrong," gently answered Joan. "Do go, he is sure to receive you kindly!"

Conrad was too much touched to continue the conversation, and got up. "You are right," he said. "Thank God! one can make amends for one's faults. Forgive me, dear Joan, for my conduct to you. You are so good and I have given you so much sorrow!" He kissed her tenderly and each felt their reconciliation was complete.

The next morning was fine and bright, and at six o'clock Conrad, dressed in his best clothes, came down and said to his wife and children, who were preparing the breakfast:—

"I am going out and shall be back in an hour or so."

Joan only said brightly: "When you come back your coffee will be ready."

Conrad went to the church and prayed before the Tabernacle and the new statue, which he admired more than ever. The rector came in a few minutes later and Conrad came up to him and said in a low voice: "Father! will you see me for a few minutes? I have something to say to you."

The priest led him into the sacristy and Conrad said timidly: "I begin by asking your pardon for my conduct towards you. I was fool enough to listen to men

who filled my mind with lies about priests and religion. If I did not take off my hat to you when we met, it was because I was afraid I should be laughed at!"—and the poor man hung down his head and began twisting his hat in his hands round and round.

The venerable priest answered in a tone of dignity and yet of fatherly reproach: "I think I deserved something better from you, Conrad. I knew you ever since you were a little fellow, when I used to teach and help you. That was nearly thirty years ago! But what has grieved me most has been that you have made your brave little wife so ill and unhappy, and that your children have run the risk of losing their purity and their faith by your blasphemies and bad example. And all this, for what reason? Ah! I saw you were in trouble and that you got drunk in order to banish thought. And this has lasted so long!"

"Two years, Father!"

"Two years?—three!" replied the priest. "I have been always in terror lest Divine Justice should overtake you with some great misfortune. I have prayed for you constantly and my sister too. What a misfortune that that atheist stranger should have come to settle here! Well, well!" added the Father; "I was told that you were kneeling at Benediction last night, which was a good sign."

"Father!" exclaimed Conrad, clasping his hands, "deign to forgive me and hear my confession."

The priest pointed to the confessional, and the penitent, throwing himself on his knees, made a full confession of all his faults and follies during the three years.

When Mass began, Joan came in, and, to her inexpressible joy, Conrad went to Holy Communion by her side. At eight o'clock he returned to the church in working clothes to fix the statue properly, and when he had done he knelt before it saying: "Lord, Thou hast conquered. May my life be henceforth devoted to Thee on earth, that I may win a place in heaven." The priest wanted to pay him for his work; but he refused, saying: "A son does not labour for his father for money; only pray for me!"

Conrad persevered. At first he had much to suffer; but as the bad are only strong when their opponents are weak, he kept to his resolve and was freed from the slavery of human respect. He won back the esteem and affection of all honest men and work flowed in abundantly. He is a devoted husband and father and is a model to the whole parish. At the Feast of Corpus Christi, a man in Tyrolean costume, with a huge candle in his hand, follows the procession of the Blessed Sacrament as president of the Association of Catholic Workmen, walking behind his faithful old friend, the rector, who is bearing the Divine Host. This man is Conrad Seiler, who is escorting his Conqueror.

WHAT A CRUCIFIX CAN DO.

Most Catholics in London know what is meant by the "Social Union Work," which has been undertaken by various ladies in the different East End parishes at Cardinal Vaughan's request to look after the teeming populations in those districts, and to break down the barriers between rich and poor by the upper classes giving personal service to their less favoured brothers and sisters. The following tale was told me by one of them the other day, which I feel sure will be of interest to many who are sharing in this noble work. She said:—

"I was asked one day by one of the Sisters in my district to go and visit a poor man dying of consumption, and if possible to take him a crucifix. She told me she thought he had strong leanings towards the Church, but could not make up his mind to take the step. At this call, I put off all other work and went at once.

"I found the poor man in a wretched room in one of the worst quarters of the district, the whole place being in a filthy state of neglect and dirt. He was unfortunately asleep when I arrived, but his poor wife, who met

me with a baby in her arms and several other little children round her, explained the state of things by saying that she had not been able to clean or do anything to the room because she was obliged to go out washing in order to obtain a meagre support for her sick husband and five children. She told me that that morning her husband had said to her 'he had been dreaming of the Cross,' and that she knew he was wishing very much for a crucifix. I accordingly placed the one I had brought in a place where he would see it on awakening, and then, after giving some help to the poor woman, I left her, saying I would return the next day.

"An unexpected circumstance prevented my doing this; but in the afternoon one of the priests came and left a message for me, saying that the poor man had been received into the Church, and that on waking and seeing the crucifix he had begged to have it in his hands, and soon after had asked his wife to go and fetch a priest. I need not say what my joy was, and I went there as early as I could the following morning. The poor fellow was so happy and so grateful. He begged me to read to him all those parts of the Gospel which referred to the Passion of our Lord, and when it came to the account of the crucifixion, he got quite excited, and exclaimed: 'Oh, how I should like to have had the chance of getting hold of those fellows who crucified Him. Would I not have given it to them!' The whole story was so real and so vivid to his mind that I felt deeply humbled at realizing how the knowledge of the facts for so many years had deadened the feeling

of grief and shame in my own heart, which that terrible scene ought surely to have for ever kept alive. Many a lesson of simple and beautiful faith did I learn during those few last days, for he only lived twelve days after his reception. The one thing he implored me to do was to try and induce his wife and children to come into the Church as he had done, and to pray hard that the Faith should be granted to them.

"He was devoted to our Lady, and his wife said he had seen a vision or had had a dream of her before he died. He had always been an upright, good man, one of our true-hearted, brave, but rough English workmen. He had been out of work for a year or more owing to his illness, but before that had been a dock labourer, and afterwards in a wine merchant's warehouse, where his honesty and sobriety made him universally liked and respected. He left three boys and two girls, and I had the consolation of seeing them all baptized before I left the mission, being godmother to one of the girls, whom I got into an orphanage, where she is doing as well as possible. The other children are all attending the Catholic schools, and the boys seem like their father in character. I have lost sight of the wife, who married again, but this time a Catholic, so that I hope the prayers of her first husband have been realized, and that all his family have been received into the Church. If we had only more workers in these missions how much might be done!"

Thus ended my friend's story, and her last words found an echo in my heart.

What we really need most, not only in London, but

in other big towns, are *more workers*. The people are only too ready to listen and to be taught, if only ladies and gentlemen will take the trouble to go and see them and enter into their difficulties, and teach them the most simple truths of our holy Faith. The hour of sickness is often that of God's opportunity, when "a word in season" will frequently bring forth marvellous fruits. Especially do we need young men for this work. Many women have come forward, but few men, as yet, to help and encourage their poorer brothers in the struggle of life, amidst the endless temptations which surround them. In the words of Cardinal Vaughan, in his "Call to the Laity," "Whether the results be large or small, visible or invisible to your eye, present or future, the one great thing that concerns you most personally, most intimately, has been accomplished—you have given to your Blessed Redeemer your love and service. He has counted every beat of your heart, every step you have taken, every hour of weariness, every discouragement endured with patience. He has accepted, as offered to Himself personally, your manifold efforts to please, to teach, to influence, to serve your brethren and to direct them in the way of salvation."

Is not this enough to make your heart exult with joy and bound with renewed energy? What matter whether you be laid as a stone hidden in the foundations or visible in the walls above ground, provided you form part of the heavenly structure that is being built by the hand of God?

THE PROVIDENCE OF GOD.

We are apt to speak of "providential circumstances" in cases of wonderful escapes from violent deaths or the like: but does it ever occur to us to think of the way in which the mercy of God watches over our daily lives and not only saves us from danger, but enables us to receive spiritual graces even when not sought for by ourselves? A curious instance of this was given to me the other day by a holy priest who had come over to say Mass at the house where I was staying. I write it in his own words. He said:—

"I had one or two friends to supper with me one night when a messenger rang at my door to tell me that a woman whom I knew very little was seriously ill, and wished to see me and to receive the Last Sacraments. I hastily fetched the holy oils, and started for her house. It was in a small street; but I found, as I thought, the right door, went in, found a poor woman dying and, of course, heard her confession and gave her the Last Sacraments. I came home and had resumed my supper when the same messenger who had come before returned, complaining that I had never come, and that the poor woman was worse and in despair at my non-arrival. Then I

discovered that I had gone to the wrong house and that it was to another person, who was also a Catholic, but who had never sent for me.

"Hastily retracing my steps, I accompanied the messenger this time to the right place, administered to the poor woman and left her happy and at peace. Stopping for a moment at the door of the house where I had first been, I found the woman there was dead! Therefore, if I had not made that mistake, the poor soul would have gone to her account without the Sacraments; and I came home marvelling at the mercy of God, who had so controlled matters that, unwittingly, I had been allowed to help both in their last passage to eternity."

A similar story was told to me of another priest in the same diocese. After his Mass one morning he had settled to go and see an old parishioner who was living in a cottage about five miles off. He started on this errand when, all of a sudden, he felt himself irresistibly urged to return to his presbytery and go in a totally different direction by train. On reaching the place, he went to the house of a lady whom he had attended before in a serious illness, but who was supposed to have recovered. He found her dying; heard her confession and remained with her to the end: thus confirming what we have said above as to the merciful providence of God overruling the intentions and will of men when the salvation of a soul is at stake.

But a still more remarkable case occurred in Bavaria not long ago. It is the pious custom there, as throughout the Tyrol, for the people to say the "Angelus" morning and night, when the church bell announces the hours

for that devotion. Whether in the fields, in the workshops, on the road, or in their homes, the peasants stop and, making the sign of the Cross, repeat the Angelic Salutation.

One evening, in a provincial town in Upper Austria, two children were playing in a meadow close to a rapid river which was used for various mills planted on the banks. One was a little boy of four or five years old, the son of the principal miller; the other was a lad of fifteen, an apprentice, who had been charged to look after the child, who was rather wilful, and required watching. The little fellow took it into his head to gather some grass, flowers and leaves, and make what he called "green fishes" of them, and throw them into the stream. His fun was to see the rapid current carry off these green bundles and dash them under the great wheel of the mill, which, of course, cut them in pieces in a minute.

All of a sudden the little boy gave a piercing cry; he had stepped on a big stone which toppled over and threw him into the water, which naturally dragged him into the current so quickly that he could not regain his footing. The poor apprentice, frightened to death, dashed into the stream, the water being up to his chest, and strove to reach his little master. But the current was so strong that one minute he saw him partly buoyed up by his petticoats, the next he disappeared altogether; then an arm, a head, a leg appeared above the water, and then, O horror! he saw that the current was dragging him under the great wheel, which was in full motion, so that in a minute he would be cut to pieces!

This child was the idol of the family, and the poor lad felt that he would rather be drowned himself than go back and tell them what had happened. But at that moment the "Angelus" sounded; the miller undid the cord of the vane, which by being thus lowered stopped the wheel; and the backward rush of the water threw the child into the arms of the apprentice, who was struggling to save him.

The miller, utterly unconscious of the danger of his child, said his "Angelus"; and it was only when he had done, that he looked up and saw the lad bearing in his arms the dripping and unconscious child. Every care was taken of the dearly loved little one and by degrees he opened his eyes and began, little by little, to recover.

"If I had not stopped the wheel," exclaimed the poor father, "so as to say my 'Angelus' more devoutly, my poor little Johnnie would have met with a dreadful death. Let us kneel down," he added to his wife and his other children, "and thank our Lord and His Holy Mother for his escape. Surely, never again can we speak of God's Providence, without remembering this day and hour!"

GRACE BEFORE MEALS.

THERE is a weekly periodical in Belgium called the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* which was sent to me the other day, and I was so struck with several of the stories it contained that I asked permission of the editor to translate one or two for this volume of *Wayside Tales*. He gave me leave, and here is one of them.

In a small street in Vienna there lived, not long ago, a very respectable man who was a cobbler by trade, and worked morning, noon, and night at mending shoes and boots for his customers. His good work and his honesty recommended him to his clients, and though not rich, he was happy and contented, and his cheerful voice was often heard singing over his toil. He had married a very nice wife, who, like her husband, was an excellent Catholic; and they had three little children, who were the joy of their lives.

Earthly happiness is, however, according to an old proverb, like glass, "as frail as it is bright," and this little family were no exception. The cobbler caught the influenza and was very ill. When he got a little better, he still went on coughing; his lungs were affected, and after some months of hopeless struggle he died, leaving

his wife and three little children destitute. The elder boy was only ten years old; the second seven; and the pretty little blue-eyed girl was only three. The poor mother worked day and night to support them; but times were bad, and after the first burst of sympathy for them at the time of her husband's death, people forgot them. One piece of furniture after the other was sold to get food and clothing. Before the end of the year the poor woman found herself unable to pay her rent; and the landlord, a man without pity or charity, turned them out into the street, in the midst of bitter cold weather.

With the greatest difficulty the broken-hearted mother found a room in which to place herself and her children. Prayer was her only resource; and all together they would kneel and say the "Our Father" with the "Give us this day our daily bread," amidst sobs and tears for help: yet the mother never lost her confidence in God. One morning, however, when the last little treasure had been sold and they were all nearly starving, the mother called her elder boy and said: "Albert, I cannot help it!" (and so saying she hid her face) "yet, we must do something. Go into the street and see if you can get a bit of bread; . . . look at your sister, how weak she is for want of food! My God, have mercy upon us!" she added with a sob, kissing her crucifix as she spoke.

Poor little Albert had already flown to the staircase; but he was very miserable. He was unusually intelligent for his age and quite understood their position, but never had he dreamt of being sent to beg! He found himself

in the streets of Vienna, but did not dare to ask for anything. At last, seeing a large linen-draper's shop, he ventured to open the fine glass door, and with tears in his eyes asked for a bit of bread. A smart assistant in the shop showed him the way out, saying brutally: "Little boys who beg get nothing here!" Albert, bowing his head and sobbing, prepared to leave the shop; but, luckily, the proprietor at his desk, who had seen him, was pleased at his timid manner and said to himself: "That boy is clearly not an ordinary beggar." So he called him back saying: "Come here, my little man!" Albert lifted his tear-stained face and returned.

The merchant asked him several questions, which he answered so frankly and nicely that the rich man was quite touched, and said to the boy: "Here are two shillings. Go to the baker's on the other side of the street and get a big loaf, which will cost you half that, and bring me back the change." Albert kissed his hand and flew to do the welcome commission. The shop assistant with an ugly sneer said: "I wish you joy of your two shillings, sir! that boy will never bring you back the change!" "How dare you question what I do?" exclaimed the merchant; "and what right have you to judge another like that?"

As he spoke, Albert returned, hugging under his left arm a large loaf and holding in his right hand the other shilling. Tapping him on the cheek, the tradesman said: "As you have been so honest, I give you the rest; and I will come and see your mother and find out if all the sad circumstances you have told me about

her are true." Albert again thanked him heartily and hastened to return home; but on his way he was so hungry that he could not resist eating a bit of the bread. He took a little knife out of his pocket and proceeded to cut off a mouthful of the loaf; but just as he was about to eat it, he remembered something, stopped, made the sign of the Cross, and said his grace very reverently; after which he joyfully devoured the dry bread.

The merchant had followed him unperceived and watched his action, which touched him very much. Having taken the mother's address, he told the boy to hurry home, which Albert did only too gladly and filled his poor mother's heart with joy and hope by giving her an account of his expedition, while they all thanked God from their hearts for this unexpected help.

Towards evening a knock was heard at the door of their room, which the poor widow opened, half in terror, fearing some fresh misfortune. A gentlemanly young man presented himself; but before she had time to speak, Albert exclaimed: "O mother! this is our benefactor, who was so kind to me this morning!" It was quite true; and when he had seen the room and the mother and children, he felt that the boy had in no way exaggerated their misery. Accustomed to every comfort and luxury himself, he had never realized what the need of every necessary thing could be. After having talked for some time with the mother, he left her some money and went home. But the next day he sent her his doctor, both to look after

her and her sick little girl; and supplied them with all that the medical man had ordered. Then he moved them into a better and a healthier cottage, and leaving her with her two little ones, said: "I am going to take Albert with me. He will be, I hope, the helper of my old age and perhaps some day he will call me 'father'!"

Albert accordingly was sent to college, and studied with such earnestness, zeal and intelligence that he became an example to all the rest of the students. At fifteen, having passed a brilliant examination, he was admitted into a special commercial school, where he distinguished himself by his talent for mathematics and foreign languages. But what delighted his mother and his benefactor more than all was his conduct. Pious, respectful, and conscientious to the last degree, he was likewise full of affection and gratitude. The widow had obtained a situation in a family connected with the merchant, and succeeded admirably. The younger boy and girl were sent to school, and at twenty years of age Albert finished his studies, and joined his benefactor in the great house of business of which he was the head. The merchant soon found him invaluable in commercial affairs, and loved him as if he had been really his son.

In the year 1848 a terrible crisis came, which threatened the existence of some of the principal houses in the city. That of Mr. W—— was no exception; he sustained such losses that ruin seemed almost inevitable, and he fell ill with work and anxiety. Then Albert's genius was revealed. He took the place of the prin-

cipal, and, by his ability and hard work, prevented the wreck of the business and was able to restore its financial position on as sound a footing as before. But Mr. W——'s illness made alarming progress; and one day calling his only daughter, named Rosalie, who was just seventeen, to his bedside, he spoke to her and to Albert as follows:—

"Rosalie, I promised your dear mother, whom you never knew, that if you lived I would choose for you a husband who would make your happiness in time and in eternity. Providence has provided one. Before I die I want you to be under the care of a protector, who will give you that assurance. I have seen, with joy, that you feel for Albert something more than the affection of an adopted sister. Give me your hand!" Rosalie timidly advanced her right hand and laid her head on her father's breast. "Albert!" continued Mr. W——, "from the hour I adopted you, you have given me nothing but joy and satisfaction. Your successes have made me both happy and proud of you. You have saved my house from the ruin which I feared, at one time, was inevitable; and nobly have you repaid the services I may have rendered you in old times. My dear son, I have remarked that you have ceased to look upon Rosalie as a merry, gracious child, who has been growing up near us and whom you rarely saw except during her holidays. I have read what was passing in your heart. Albert, make her happy! Live, my dear children, as good Christians, and as a faithful and united couple, loving one another in God. Albert, give me your hand!"

The young man, much moved, and hardly able to believe in his happiness, gave his right hand to his benefactor. The sick man, clasping the two hands together, exclaimed: "In the name of God, be affianced! My Lord, now I can die in peace!"

"O my father," exclaimed Albert, "you must not die! You must live to witness our happiness and to share it. God alone can reward you for all your kindness. How can I ever show you sufficient gratitude?"

The two young people devoted themselves to him, and prayed and obtained prayers everywhere for his recovery; and these prayers were heard. The old man recovered and a happy marriage followed, which delighted every one. Albert took his mother home to live with them, obtained a good situation for his brother and a happy marriage for his little sister. The young couple, at the request of Mr. W——, undertook the management of the house of business, which became more flourishing than it had ever been before.

Albert, although become an important personage, rich and highly esteemed, never lost his goodness and simplicity and was an example to all of Catholic piety and charity. He often said to his children: "I owe all my happiness, my fortune and even my life to that simple act of 'saying grace' one day near this very house, before eating a bit of bread, which, in my hunger, I had begged!"

Alas! this old and pious custom has sadly gone out amongst us. Even the making the sign of the Cross, before and after meals, is often evaded, unless a priest be present, for fear of attracting attention, and, in fact,

from human respect. Yet surely we need more than ever the blessing of God, so that the food that we take may give us strength to labour for Him ; and when we have eaten it, to return thanks to Him for His gifts and to ask Him to enable us to work more fervently for His glory and our own salvation.

THE VENERABLE

MOTHER MARY OF ST. EUPHRASIA

(1796–1868)

BY FR. ROBERT EATON

Ten years before the French Revolution, there lived at Soullans, a town of La Vendée, a doctor, Julius Pelletier by name, an earnest Christian, with his wife Anne Mourain. For some years (1781–91) their lives passed in unclouded happiness, and God blest them with seven children. The Revolution then burst forth in its fury, and Monsieur Pelletier moved to the neighbouring island of Noirmoutier, where Rose Virginie, the subject of this biography, was born on July 31, 1796. From her parents she learnt lessons of charity, piety, and devotion to the Church. Her heart seemed naturally to go out to all who were suffering. Of an impetuous temperament, she often indulged in mischievous, though innocent, acts, but in obedience and affection for her parents she was never wanting. She seemed to live in the presence of God, and would roam in the fields to meditate on the works of His hands, while her love of prayer was almost innate. For the day of her First Communion she prepared most carefully, and it seemed to fix her mind on entering the religious life. Her whole character was strong and resolute, and her mother said of her: "Rose will be a real blessing to our home; it is wonderful to see

her love for religion and for every work of charity." In 1805 Madame Pelletier lost in quick succession three daughters by death, and the next year was left a widow. In these sorrows she was much helped by the affection of her daughter Rose.

By the end of 1800, Bonaparte had restored liberty of worship to France, and churches and schools began to rise again. The time had come for thinking of Rose's education, and she was sent in 1808 to a school at Noirmoutier, kept by the Ursuline nuns. She greatly puzzled the Sisters by her mixture of genuine piety and exuberant spirits. "Virginie," said one of them to her, "pay attention, for you will be an angel or a demon." "I shall be a *nun*," she promptly replied. "I shall have to be thoroughly broken in, but I shall be a nun some day." In 1810 she returned with her mother to their old home at Soullans, and shortly after was sent for further education to Tours. Little did Rose think as she said goodbye to her mother that they would never meet again in this world.

The school at Tours had been carried on by a kind of religious community called "L'Association chrétienne," but, in consequence of bad management, it was divided into factions. It was now conducted by a Mdlle. de Lignac, who very soon gauged the merits and powers of her new pupil. A lifelong affection grew up between them, and Rose, who had a real thirst for knowledge, made rapid progress. She had a special gift for making peace, and displayed so decided a taste for religious knowledge that she was called "The little doctor of divinity."

In June, 1813, Madame Pelletier died, and the following April Mdlle. de Lignac went to be an Ursuline nun, so that Rose fell under the guardianship of her brother-in-law, M. Marsand. God was taking her friends from her one by one, that He might possess her for Himself the more completely. Her longing for the

religious life was intense, and her mind was occupied in trying to ascertain where she should try her vocation. It would have been only natural had she thought of following Mdlle. de Lignac to the Ursulines, but such an idea seems never to have entered her mind.

Close to the "Association chrétienne" there stood a convent of Our Lady of Charity, devoted to the work of the salvation of souls. Rose had long known this convent by sight, and had learnt almost to love the Sisters. She now felt that God was calling her to that Community. It had been founded by the Venerable John Eudes, a missionary priest of the diocese of Bayeux, in the year 1641, for the reclamation of sinners. This holy man devoted his life to labour for the salvation of souls, and at a mission he preached at Caen in 1639, many women were converted by his words. With a view to their perseverance, he established in Caen a House of Refuge, under the title of Our Lady of Charity. To the three ordinary vows he added a fourth, by which the religious bound themselves to labour for the salvation of sinners. The first penitents were received in November, 1641, and, after more than twenty years of trial, the Founder obtained, in 1666, from Pope Alexander VII., a Bull of approbation, which erected the Congregation into a Religious Order. The spirit which the Venerable John Eudes desired to instil into his religious was that of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary burning with love for souls. He was indeed the pioneer of this devotion, and was the first to obtain from Rome permission to celebrate the Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, and in their honour composed many beautiful offices.

It was, then, into the House of Refuge of Our Lady of Charity at Tours that Rose Pelletier decided to seek admission, and she applied to her guardian for leave to do so. At first he firmly refused, but later relented, and Rose entered her new home on October 20, 1814. In

deference to the wish of her guardian, she remained a postulant a whole year, studying meanwhile the rules of the Order, and learning the art of dealing with souls. From the first her sound sense and judgment were apparent. At her clothing on September 8, 1815, she wished to take the name Teresa, for to St. Teresa she had a great devotion, but was told to look for a more humble and hidden name, and selected that of St. Euphrasia.

The novitiate of Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia, was long remembered at Tours. Docile, confiding, affectionate, and grateful, she soon won the esteem of her Mistress of Novices, who said of her : "She will do great things one day, there is something beyond the ordinary about her." Her obedience was perfect, and to this virtue she had ever a special attraction ; "I love it so much," she said, "that I only wish to live for it." The chief trial of her novitiate was its comparative inactivity. She yearned to find some scope for her energies, and was on fire to carry the war into the enemy's camp. But at this time the outlet for her activity lay chiefly in intellectual pursuits, and she devoted much time to the study of Holy Scripture.

Towards the close of her novitiate, she was brought into closer contact with the penitents, and showed such aptitude and tact in dealing with them that she was appointed their second Mistress. She seemed to understand, as if by intuition, that to be perpetually lecturing sinners is not the way to convert them. "Such a course of conduct," she said, "can only weary and repel them. The true method is first to gain their affection by kindness and forbearance, thus inducing them to confidence and to a desire to amend their faults. To speak little and to punish little is the secret of ruling."

Her Profession took place on the 9th of September 1817, and she was soon made first Mistress of Penitents, though only twenty-one years of age. Her zeal had now

full scope, her one regret being the small number of those under her care. "If we could only have sixty penitents!" she would exclaim. "How your imagination does run away with you!" the older Sisters made reply. "It is vain to hope that these wild dreams will ever be realized. You would not talk as you do, if you had lived through the Reign of Terror, and seen what we have seen."

So her life passed on, leaving little to record beyond a daily increase of virtue and many severe interior trials, by which God was preparing her for her future apostolate.

In May, 1825, the election of Superiors took place. Though hardly twenty-nine years of age, and no one could be elected Superior under the age of forty, so high was the esteem in which Sister Mary of St. Euphrasia was held, that a dispensation was applied for to Rome and granted, and she was unanimously elected. Her first work was to establish a Community of "Magdalens." She had noticed that among the penitents there were many whose conversion to God was sincere and lasting, and who desired to enter the religious state, so that the remainder of their lives might be devoted to penance, prayer and reparation. The Rule forbade their being accepted among the Sisters, and other Communities seemed unwilling to receive them. Mother St. Euphrasia therefore took the first opportunity to lay before her Council her long cherished wish, and drew up for the new Community a rule embodying the spirit of St. Teresa, their brown habit also resembling that of the Carmelites. They earned their livelihood chiefly by needlework, and passed long hours in silence and prayer.

Under the charge of Mother St. Euphrasia, the Community at Tours assumed a new aspect. The buildings were enlarged and the penitents increased considerably in number, and surpassed the sixty she had so

desired. The extraordinary merit of this humble religious soon spread beyond the convent walls, and many came to ask her advice, to implore her prayers, and to profit by the strength and consolation which she imparted to all. In 1828 she was re-elected Superior, and again turned her thoughts to the extension of the Order. A House of Refuge for Angers had long been planned and needed. Its bishop and clergy much desired one, and money had been left for the purpose. It was decided to entrust it to the care of religious, and Mother St. Euphrasia was named as a suitable person to whom to apply. The Abbé Bréton accordingly set out for Tours in May 1829, and, without divulging the object of his visit, carefully inspected the Refuge there. Delighted with all he saw, and much struck by the wisdom and zeal of Mother St. Euphrasia, he at length told her the object of his visit. Her joy knew no bounds. "I fancied myself already in heaven," she said. No time was lost. The very next day she set out with one of her nuns and the Abbé Bréton, to inspect the premises selected for the work. As she beheld Angers for the first time, she was deeply moved. Before they reached the city, M. Bréton alighted from the carriage, and invited the nuns to do the same, bluntly remarking, "My dear ladies, you desire to be followers of the Apostles, and yet you think of entering Angers otherwise than on foot."

The proposed purchase at Angers had been an extensive factory; the grounds were isolated, and contained gardens and buildings of various sizes. Mother St. Euphrasia saw at a glance how suited they were to the needs of the work, and requested the purchase might be completed without delay. She returned to Tours to make all arrangements, but soon was back in Angers with five Sisters. At first their poverty was great and the buildings were in bad repair, but nothing daunted the courage of Mother St.

Euphrasia, who, by her hopefulness in times of difficulty gained the name of *Madame de l'Esperance*. The work steadily progressed, and soon some penitents applied for admission. In July the new home was blest, the enclosure established, and Mother St. Euphrasia felt she could return to Tours. Yet she seemed to know instinctively that Angers was her home. "I believe it is the will of God that I should not be anywhere except at Angers."

With her departure from Angers, however, a period of stagnation set in. The necessary repairs were stopped, and the zeal of benefactors grew cold. At this juncture, M. Dufêtre, Superior of the Refuge at Tours, came to preach the Lenten sermons in the Cathedral at Angers. He visited the Refuge and promised to grant the penitents any reasonable request they should make to him, if he considered their conduct satisfactory during a retreat he proposed to give them. "Send our dearest mother back to us: let Mother St. Euphrasia return to Angers," was the cry of all, and so M. Dufêtre wrote to her (March, 1831): "The Home stands greatly in need of you: it is capable of wide development." Her time of office at Tours expired in 1831, and she was elected Superior of Angers. The separation from Tours meant real sorrow to her, and a depression of spirit came over her from a feeling she would never return. "I was," she said, "on the point of abandoning my plan, when I was told that a priest wished to speak to me." This holy man, sent to her from God, encouraged her with the words, "Set out for Angers as soon as possible. God intends a great work shall be accomplished there through you, for the promotion of His glory."

In a few months, indeed, the convent assumed a fresh aspect. A new chapel was opened, and extensions of various kinds were made in the Home. She now added what is known as the "Preservation" class, for the care of young girls as yet innocent, but exposed to

danger in the world. Yet, while extending the work of the Order, she sought above all to cultivate the interior spirit of the Rule among her Community. "We cannot exhort you too much, my dear daughters," she said, "to observe your Rule with a large and generous heart. Do not seek to know if what is ordered be great or little; let it suffice you to know that God wills it."

With the increase of work came an inevitable increase of trial. "Everything seems to go wrong just now," she wrote; "every hour brings me some unwelcome news. The building has come to a standstill, the cost will be enormous, every post brings me disagreeable letters, and temptations seem rife among the penitents. As to the poor imperfect Superior, she has a slight attack of fever. Oh, my God, how dark and thick are the clouds which have gathered over this house!" But no one could have known this from her outward deportment; she was always bright, and when especially so, her children would say: "Our Mother has some serious anxiety weighing upon her." Still the establishment at Angers made substantial progress. "It has been watered with our tears," she wrote, "but faith teaches us that the more we suffer, the more God is glorified, and this thought avails to soothe the keenest sorrow."

It was at this time that the first idea of the Generalate came to her. The houses of Our Lady of Charity were all isolated, and the work was thereby much hindered in its growth. The idea of a mother-house, with a novitiate, whence offshoots could be planted in other lands, while still remaining under the jurisdiction of a Superior-General, strongly appealed to her. It was indeed the desire of her heart and the burden of her prayers, for she saw a full harvest of good as the result of such a step. She realized that such houses become as members of one body, all animated by the same spirit, rivalling each other in observance of the Rule. The success of one is a joy to all, the sorrows of one

are shared by all. She spoke of her design to the Bishop of Angers, who warmly approved of it, as also did the Sisters when the scheme was laid before them. She ordered that, for two years an Antiphon of Our Lady should be daily chanted to ascertain the will of God on this point.

But the idea met with great opposition from other houses of the Order; it was styled an innovation and ascribed to the ambition of Mother St. Euphrasia. Three of the Sisters at Angers returned to Tours disapproving of the change, and the Archbishop of Tours threatened to recall the Superior, and even went to Angers for the purpose of crushing her proposal. On demanding an interview with Mother St. Euphrasia, she declined to see him except in presence of her own Bishop and of her Council. The interview began in anger but ended peacefully, for all spoke warmly in her defence, and the Archbishop renounced all claim to her obedience.

But was the Generalate truly God's will? Mother St. Euphrasia consulted holy men and placed the matter in the hands of Our Lady, saying, "My tender Mother, if this work is for the glory of your Divine Son and the salvation of souls, bought with His Precious Blood, deign to take it under your protection, to hide it in your heart, and to grant it success." And she asked as a sign from heaven that vocations might be multiplied, which prayer was granted in a very striking degree. Moreover, news came from Rome that the project was well received, and would be laid before the Holy Father at the next meeting of Cardinals.

About this time (1833), fresh houses were opened at Mans, Poitiers, and Grenoble, and in 1834 Mother St. Euphrasia was re-elected Superior for six years. Heavy trials were now in store for her. The first blow came from Mans, whose chaplain, finding the mother-house would not be fixed there, began to oppose the idea of

the Generalate, thus spreading disaffection among the nuns. Renewed hostility came from Tours, the Archbishop having written to Rome to protest against the proposed change. But from Mother St. Euphrasia no unkind word ever came, nor was the peace of her soul disturbed. "I know well," she wrote, "how many pens are employed against me, but infinitely rather would I be the accused than the accuser. Pray that I may live on the Cross, and feed myself on suffering, that I may die to everything except the Cross."

Before long she felt moved to apply formally to the Holy See for the official recognition of the Generalate. "One day during Vespers," she wrote, "at the *Magnificat*, the impulse to write became so irresistible that I could not repress my emotion. I begged one of the Sisters to take my place, for tears choked my utterance. Leaving the choir, I took refuge in my cell, and there, with trembling hand, began to write to the Cardinal Vicar at Rome, beginning with the words: 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy Word.' I felt such alarm at the step I was taking, that hardly knowing what terms to use to express my submission, I ended thus: 'I prostrate myself in the dust at your feet (I wrote upon my knees) and desire only the greater glory of God. If the Sovereign Pontiff and your Eminence see obstacles to the appointment of a General-Superior, I submit most humbly to your decision.' Many trials followed this step, and some time afterwards a very extraordinary thing happened to me. One night, hardly had I fallen asleep, when I seemed to behold a prelate who was unknown to me: he was dressed as a Cardinal, his countenance was gentle and holy, his whole appearance inspired respect and veneration. He said, 'Fear not, my daughter, your work will be approved; I am chosen by God to be its protector.' He then disappeared, leaving me comforted and full of confidence. My astonishment was indeed

great some years later, on my first visit to Rome, when I recognized at once in Cardinal Odescalchi the very Prelate who had appeared to me. I related my dream to him. After some reflection, he replied, 'This is remarkable; I will tell you what happened to me also. For some time I had been anxiously looking for a Congregation to take charge of houses of detention for women. Your letter came on the Annunciation, just after I had said Mass in St. Peter's, to obtain this grace through Our Lady's intercession.'"

Mother St. Euphrasia patiently awaited an answer to her letter to Rome, and after two months received some words of encouragement from Cardinal Odescalchi. "The greatest impediment to the success of your scheme," he wrote, "is the opposition of the clergy. This will have weight with the Holy See, but can be overcome if your Bishop will at once write to the Holy Father on your behalf. On the receipt of his letter, I will lay your request before the proper tribunal, and soon the matter will be decided." Indeed it was now taken up at Rome in earnest, especially by Father Kohlmann, S.J., then Consultor to the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars. The Bishop of Angers wrote strongly in favour of the Generalate, and on the 8th of January, 1835, a decree was passed establishing the convent at Angers as the mother-house of the Institute, the Superior of that convent being declared Superior-General of all others that had been, or might be, founded from it. The distinctive name of the Congregation was henceforth to be that of "Our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd," and to this the words "of Angers" were added, to remind the foundations whence they came, and where their obedience was due. This decree was approved and confirmed by Pope Gregory XVI. on January 16th. Father Kohlmann objected to the clause empowering the Superior-General to found refuges as extending only to France

and pleaded the substitution of the words, "the whole world." "It seems," observed Cardinal Odescalchi, with a smile, "you want to make a second Society of Jesus of this Congregation." "Exactly," replied Father Kohlmann. "It shall be so," answered the Cardinal, "for indeed this work deserves to be universal."

Through all these months of trial, the charity of Mother St. Euphrasia was as striking as her courage. All manner of evil was spoken against her and against her project, yet in her letters to Rome not one word of blame to her opponents can be traced, so that when Father Kohlmann had read the whole case through, he exclaimed, "That is where the truth lies."

The reception of the news at Angers is thus decribed by one of the Sisters: "We were all assembled in Chapter, when our dear Mother came and bade us go in silence to the Choir, where a letter from Rome would be read to us. Kneeling in the presence of our Divine Lord, we listened to the happy news with glad hearts. It was impossible to restrain our tears now that the consummation of our cherished hopes had really come. Our venerated Superior-General intoned a psalm of thanksgiving, then we recited the *Sub tuum praesidium*, and made a vow to have a procession in honour of Our Lady daily for nine days, and to recite the office of the Immaculate Conception for three years."

But the decree, though approved, was not promulgated, and fresh efforts were made by those antagonistic to the scheme. The Pope even ordered the postponement of the Brief confirming the decree, awaiting fresh inquiries. At length he asked, "How many letters have been written against Mother St. Euphrasia?" "Thirteen," was the reply. "And what has she said in her own defence?" rejoined the Holy Father. "Not a single word." "Then," said the Pope, "she is in the right; I will at once confirm the decree by an Apostolic Brief." The Brief, dated April 3, 1835, was forwarded to Mother

St. Euphrasia, and the Congregation was placed under the jurisdiction of the Holy See, with Cardinal Odescalchi as its Protector. "Your work," wrote Father Kohlmann, "appears to be essentially the work of God. The rapidity with which the Order has spread is miraculous, so too is the speed with which this affair has been conducted at Rome. What would ordinarily have taken three or four years to accomplish, has been finished within the space of as many months, despite the opposition of powerful enemies. This will teach you to face the future with confidence, trusting entirely in Him who has seen fit to bless your work thus abundantly."

We may see from this that the Congregation is not a new Order, but the extension and development of the one founded by Father Eudes. Hence Mother St. Euphrasia would never allow the title of Foundress to be given to her. No motive of ambition had moved her to affect the change in the Order; her only object had been to facilitate the development of its work throughout the world, and to infuse into it that vigour which unity alone can ensure. "You will now go forth, my daughters," she said, "and pitch your tents from one end of the earth to the other. Your zeal must comprise all lands and all peoples. I do not wish any longer to be called French: I am Italian, English, German, Spanish; I am American, African, Indian; every country is my own, where there are souls to be saved."

She was most careful to foster a love for the mother-house in all her subjects, and made much of regular and frequent correspondence between it and its dependencies. She desired circular letters should be sent annually by the various houses, to serve as a sort of conversation between the Sisters. "I call them Christmas flowers," she said; "December and January are the springtime of our year in the Good Shepherd. We then walk up and down the meadows of the Order, and gather flowers whose

fragrance will stimulate our zeal." Her interest in all new Foundations was also very great. "I am determined to support and encourage our new foundations," she wrote, "the mother-house cannot do too much for them."

In 1835 she formed the class known as the "Consecrated Penitents," for those who, while dreading to return to the world, and having no wish to join the "Magdalens," desired to remain always with the Good Shepherd. After due probation, they consecrate themselves to God by a simple vow, renewed each year, to remain in the house for that space of time; at the end of this probation they receive a silver cross. Besides giving them a special dress, Mother St. Euphrasia drew up for them a Rule, and in the following beautiful formula, expressed her wishes and hopes regarding this class of her children: "Penitent souls, who dwell in forgetfulness of the world, fortunate sheep, whom the Good Shepherd has sought with solicitude, and who have responded to His call, may you never wander from the safe and tranquil path into which Providence has guided your steps. Continue by the observance of your Rule to walk in the way that leads to the heavenly country. Your perseverance is our greatest consolation. You will be the glory of the Institute, and having enjoyed here below the peace and happiness, which are found in the practice of humility, obedience and charity, you will go to receive from a generous Father the Kingdom He has promised to the penitent no less than to the innocent." The influence of these consecrated penitents on those who have more recently entered the house is excellent, and they are a great help to the Sisters in maintaining a high tone among their companions.

In this year also a number of young girls arrived at the convent of Angers, who had been sent to prison. Mother St. Euphrasia gladly accepted the reformatory work suggested to her, and her efforts in that direction proved successful. Though her financial difficulties were

great, yet she was always contented, and ready to commence fresh foundations. In 1836 houses were founded at Amiens, Lille, and Puy, and the following year at Strasbourg, Rheims, Sens, and Arles.

But her long-standing wish was now to be fulfilled by a foundation in Rome itself. She started with five Sisters for Rome in April, 1838. As she obtained a distant glimpse of the Eternal City, she alighted and kissed the soil, which had been watered with the blood of countless martyrs. She soon gained an influence for good over the handful of penitents already collected to welcome her. To her administrative ability and insight into character, she united a rare tact, which stood out clearly in her dealings with penitents. She never, for example, spoke of penance on a day when dinner had not been quite as good as usual. Rather, she would say, "Dear children, I wish we had something better to set before you, I really am very sorry." Like St. Philip Neri, she *won* souls to God, and impressed upon her daughters the need of kindness, especially with penitents newly arrived from the world, for "their tears are always bitter, and if they do not find in you great kindness, they may fall into despair. Show them what virtue really is, and vice will soon become odious in their sight."

An audience with Pope Gregory XVI. was soon granted to Mother St. Euphrasia. "Here is my Good Shepherd," he said as Cardinal Odescalchi introduced the Sisters; and then spoke of their Institute, of the difficulties they had surmounted, of the good they had done, of the benefits society would receive by the multiplication of their foundations, and promised them that in him they should always find a protector. After a second audience, Mother St. Euphrasia bade farewell to the Sisters and returned to Angers.

A second house at Rome was established soon after, and was visited by Mother St. Euphrasia in the year 1843. But now an unforeseen trial came to her.

Cardinal Odescalchi, who had been so true a friend to the Good Shepherd, unexpectedly entered the Jesuit novitiate, and in July, 1839, Mgr. Montault, Bishop of Angers, died at the age of eighty-five. He was a friend to the last. When his strength was failing he paid a farewell visit to the convent. "I feel my course is nearly run," he said. "When you hear the bell announcing that I am in my agony, pray for the poor Bishop of Angers, that the Supreme Judge of all men may deign to show him mercy."

Still the work progressed. At Angers there were now 130 novices, to whom the Mother-General addressed many fervent discourses. "Ever bear in mind that the love of souls is the only foundation upon which our Order rests, and only by this love can it be maintained. We ought to have an *appreciative* love for souls. The Saints loved souls because they were purchased at the cost of our Saviour's Blood. They appreciated at its true value the soul of a poor, ragged gutter child, full of faults, the soul of a great sinner, of a poor penitent, because these souls are the objects of God's love, and Our Lord shed His Blood for their redemption. Yes, we will bring back to Him some of the souls so precious to Him."

"Take this child and nurse it for me" (Exod. x. 9), was the summary of her life and spirit. But she knew that unless the instrument be in good condition, it can effect but little. Hence she laid such stress on holiness of life, prayer and self-denial. "Our Lord in His mercy has given you this sublime vocation; show Him your gratitude; never cease to pray, to fight, to suffer, in order to carry out this vocation of love. Religious perfection does not consist in having no defects: it consists in this, that having once been told of a fault, we should strive at once to correct it. Believe me, if ever the love of the Cross and the desire for self-denial disappear from amongst us, the hour of our dissolution is near at hand."

Early in the year 1840, Mother St. Euphrasia began a visitation of all her houses, for the work was spreading in every direction, but ill-health forced her to abandon the project and return to Angers. King Louis I. of Bavaria now desired that a Home of the Good Shepherd should be established in his capital, and placed a house with extensive grounds in the suburbs of Munich at the disposal of the Sisters. Considerable opposition to the foundation was made by Protestants and others, but Mother St. Euphrasia knew that success would eventually follow. "There is promise of a plentiful harvest at Munich, that is why the enemy of all good has sown his cockle. But the Master of the harvest slumbers not, let us therefore take courage." The foundation did indeed prosper, and very soon the Mother-General could write of it: "My beloved Bavaria, we shall not lose you after all."

In no case was a foundation made in face of greater difficulties than the first made in England. In May, 1840, two Sisters were sent from Angers to London, where they were kindly received by Bishop Griffiths, Vicar Apostolic, who gave them permission for a foundation, but could promise them no pecuniary help. The first check, however, came from Angers, whose new Bishop refused to allow Mother St. Euphrasia to incur the expense of the foundation out of her own means. She instantly recalled the two Sisters, who returned to Angers, accompanied by six English postulants. In September, more postulants arrived from England with renewed requests for an English foundation. The Bishop of Angers at last gave his consent, and in November two Sisters with an English postulant were again sent to this country.

They were obliged to lay aside their white habits, and to put on an ordinary black dress, but their Mother consoled them with the words: "*Nigra sum, sed formosa*": (Cant. i. 4) "I am black, but beautiful."

Mother Mary of St. Joseph Regaudiat was the Sister in charge of the enterprise, and started with £40 for England. On arriving in London, they found a dense fog hanging like a pall over the city, and the following day on going to visit a priest at Chelsea, M. Voyaux by name, who had encouraged the project much and promised help, they found him laid out for burial. Their companion, M. l'Abbé Maingay, was of little use to them, for he could speak no English, and his costume was so remarkable as to provoke laughter rather than sympathy. Arrayed in a bright green coat with brass buttons, a waistcoat of crimson, and armed with a large map of London, he would stand still in the crowded streets to open the map and study the road, putting his huge umbrella under his arm, to the great annoyance of the passers-by. In despair, he soon returned to Angers, and the Sisters were left alone. At length in May, 1841, they took a small house in King Street, Hammersmith, for the reception of penitents. Hearing of their trials, Mother St. Euphrasia commended the foundation specially to Our Lady, since England is her dowry, and said the *Memorare* daily for a year for the success of the London house. "I regard the London convent as our daughter," she wrote: "it may be a great expense to provide for her, but we must not abandon her."

In June the two first penitents were received, and their number rapidly increased until it became necessary to procure a larger house. A property called Beauchamp Lodge was secured, a chapel erected, and a laundry built, and now some 230 Magdalens and penitents form the usual number resident. Thus has God blest the humble beginning and labour of Mother Mary of St. Joseph.

In 1851 a foundation was made at Dalbeth, near Glasgow, and another at Arno's Court, near Bristol. In 1858 a house was opened in Liverpool, and in 1864 that of East Finchley. These were followed by a foundation in Manchester in 1867, and one at Cardiff

in 1872, and there are also houses at Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Ashford in Middlesex, with prospects of yet further foundations.

In 1844 Mother St. Euphrasia visited Hammersmith. She was grieved not to find the Blessed Sacrament in the Catholic chapels of London. "We entered a church," she wrote, "and were pained to miss the lamp before the Altar. 'Where art Thou hidden, O my Lord and Maker?' I inquired, and the priest who was showing us over the church seemed to guess what was in my mind, for he said, 'The Blessed Sacrament is not here. We are compelled to keep It in hiding, like an outlaw.' 'And yet, Father,' I answered, 'who but Our Lord can be King in the Island of Saints?' Then he took us into the sacristy, where a lamp, burning before an oaken chest, revealed the humble abode of the King of Kings. I fell on my knees and promised Him that I would cause beautiful temples to be raised to His honour throughout the land."

To the Blessed Sacrament she had indeed a tender devotion. It was at once the source and fruit of her union with God, which with her was no mere figure of speech, but a reality, for she seemed to feel the eye of God and to look for the movement of His hand. Her letters and instructions abound with beautiful passages on the Blessed Sacrament. Never would she allow weariness or pain to keep her from Holy Communion, and often spent many hours in prayer before the Tabernacle, always kneeling, and so motionless that not a fold of her mantle was stirred. "I will consult Our Lord concerning this affair during my thanksgiving to morrow," was a saying frequently on her lips.

In 1841 a foundation was made at Paris, to be soon followed by the introduction of the Good Shepherd into the New World. Bishop Flaget of Montreal, having visited Angers and been much pleased with the work of Mother St. Euphrasia, desired the presence of her

Order in America, and five Sisters soon started for Louisville. They persevered through many hardships until their work took root, so that not only at Louisville, but also at Montreal, New Orleans, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Baltimore, was the Good Shepherd to be found.

In 1842, when Mother St. Euphrasia was setting out to start a new foundation at Angoulème, the carriage in which she was seated, upset, only a few yards from the convent. Mother St. Euphrasia, badly bruised and shaken, was unable to resume her journey for some days, and indeed never fully recovered from the accident. It was quite unaccountable, for the carriage was a good one and the road quite level; it could only have been, as the Bishop of Angoulème suggested, an attempt from the devil to frustrate the good about to be accomplished by the Good Shepherd in his city.

The following year (1843) an appeal for a foundation from the Bishop of Algiers met, of course, with a ready response from Mother St. Euphrasia. The religious entrusted with this work took up their abode in a shabby dwelling at Mustafa, outside Algiers, and soon death carried off one of their number. But a fresh house near Algiers was soon opened, and gave shelter to upwards of 300 young girls. In Cairo, besides two houses of penitents and Magdalens, the Sisters opened a school for poor children of every tribe and religion, where little Turks, Jews, Syrians, Arabs, Ethiopians, Copts, Armenians, and Greeks thronged for instruction, no less than 600 children of fifteen different nationalities. A foundation was also made at Oran, where many Mussulman girls were ready for the care of the Good Shepherd.

The storm of revolution which broke out in France in 1848, greatly affected the work of the Order. The convent at Bourges was wrecked and the nuns driven out; Macon fared but little better, while Lyons barely escaped. But Mother St. Euphrasia never lost heart.

She addressed circular letters to the Superiors of all her convents, full of practical advice, admonishing them to aim at retaining possession of the houses, but to adopt without scruple a secular dress, if necessary. Her letter to the Superior at Munich gives a vivid picture of the state of affairs. "Lord, save us ; we perish," she writes. "Our Divine Master sleeps in our storm-tossed vessel. Words fail to tell you the extent of our misfortunes, for they are beyond description. The whole Church is now in affliction ; if as yet your tranquillity is undisturbed, may it remain so ! We pray constantly for you. Angers is Mary's favoured city ; our Sion is at peace, honoured and loved by all, but her tribes are dispersed, her virgins are wanderers and exiles, their dwellings are pillaged and destroyed by fire. Our Sisters come to us here ; they have not bread to eat. We number several hundred here, without work, without alms or benefactors, yet peace and concord reign in our midst. Some 400 penitents have been turned out of different houses ; the property lost, stolen or burnt, may be estimated at 500,000 francs (£20,000) ; sixty of our professed nuns have been banished : they come to us at all hours of the day and night. You would be touched were you to see the obedience and humility of our Sisters. Their tears flow freely, but they are tears of resignation. I have not a word of reproof to utter, but oh ! the burden of care that weighs upon me. My God, come to my aid ! Thanks be to God, the regularity and order of our house is perfect. This is due to Our Lady's wise government. Our choir and singing are beautiful ; our buildings and the farms annexed are unequalled anywhere."

Again, in an address to the Community at the end of 1848, she thus spoke of the severity of the recent trials : "This year has been for us one of suffering and of progress. It is well for a religious Order to be thus tried from time to time, to impart fresh stimulus to it, and prevent it from declining in fervour. You have taken your stand

on Mount Calvary ; learn upon that high ground so firmly to plant your feet, that the wrongs men may do you, may have no power to make you swerve."

In spite of all obstacles, the work of the Good Shepherd grew apace. Houses were opened at Turin and Genoa, and a beginning was made in Austria in 1853 by a foundation at Vienna, which prospered wonderfully, numbering 450 inmates in a few years.

In 1848 Ireland received the Good Shepherd by opening a house at Limerick, and before long Waterford, New Ross, Belfast, and Cork had houses planted in their midst. In 1854 an invitation came to found a house at Bangalore in India, and a company of Sisters set out. Becalmed at sea and suffering much on the voyage, no news of the little band reached Angers for six months, but on arrival they were warmly welcomed, receiving the name of the "White Sisters," and at once opened a school for native children of the poorer class and another for European girls. In 1855 a first foundation was made in South America.

Thus the work of the Good Shepherd increased and multiplied in spite of difficulty and opposition. New houses were opened, old ones were consolidated, and day by day the wisdom of Mother St. Euphrasia in establishing the Generalate was more apparent, and seemed blest by God with a richer blessing. From the centre at Angers branches spread into every land, all united in one great work, all looking for help and direction to the mother-house.[1]

The Golden Jubilee of Mother St. Euphrasia's profession was celebrated with great rejoicing and no pains were spared to mark the day, but joy proved to be the

[1] There are now (1902) about 240 houses of the Good Shepherd in different parts of the world, containing about 45,000 souls, religious and penitents. Among the latest foundations are those at Lourdes and Noirmoutier, the latter in the very house in which Mother St. Euphrasia was born and lived so long.

prelude to sorrow, for it ushered in a period of trial and pain, which death alone should close. The attacks made upon the Papal territories placed several of the convents in Italy in great danger, and her own enemies were again active. Seeing fresh foundations arise on all sides, they drew up a memorial to Pius IX., accusing her of tyranny, pride and hypocrisy, and demanded the appointment of an Apostolic Visitor, with full power to examine the Community at Angers, since Mother Euphrasia had, so they said, refused to tolerate any ecclesiastical Superior. That the examination should be properly made, she herself was to quit the house for a period of at least four months. The Pope ordered the Cardinal Protector to reply that no complaint had been proffered against Mother St. Euphrasia ; rather, that she was beloved by all her religious children, and he refused absolutely to send her away from Angers. Throughout this painful affair, no word of bitterness came from Mother St. Euphrasia, and she forgave her enemies from her heart. But it told severely on her health, and in May, 1867, she was attacked by pneumonia, and, though she recovered, it was but a temporary restoration. The end was drawing near, and a year of sharpest pain was to fit her for her last journey to God.

The carriage accident which Mother Euphrasia met with in October, 1842, to which reference has been made, caused a cancerous tumour which for years gave her acute suffering. She never spoke of this to any one, but finally it brought her to the grave. Indeed, half a century of labours such as hers might of themselves have broken down the most vigorous constitution, without the ravages of a cruel malady. During the last three years of her life, her strength was gradually giving way, though she was present at all Community duties, but her mental powers remained unimpaired to the last. Thus she continued, until one day, about March, 1868, she fell into a swoon so deep and prolonged that it appeared

almost like death. On the 13th of March, the feast of her Patroness, she received the good wishes of her children, and for the last time sat at her table in the refectory.

On March 14th she went round the grounds for the last time, pausing at the Calvary, and on reaching the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, she said, "I wish to go and pay a visit to Our Lady on foot." With difficulty she left her chair, and dragged herself to the Altar, where she remained on her knees for some time. She concluded her excursion by visiting the statue of St. Joseph. "St. Joseph, royal and powerful Protector of the work of the Good Shepherd," she said, "pray to Jesus and Mary for us." Her weakness rapidly increased, but she remained at her post, and would not even see a doctor. "St. Joseph can cure me," she repeated; "I know that nothing short of a miracle is required." When entreated not to rise so early, she said, "Would you deprive me of my only privilege, that of receiving Holy Communion? The Blessed Sacrament is my life. It is the life of my life. Ah! what would have become of me these last two years, had I not been sustained by the Bread of the strong."

On the 25th of March, she presided at the setting out from Angers of some Sisters who were to make a foundation in Switzerland, though it cost her an almost superhuman effort to lead them to the altar of Our Lady in the community-room. Four days later, the morning of Passion Sunday, she rose to hear Mass and to receive Holy Communion. It was the last time she knelt in her place in choir. Suffering and exhausted, she came to the midday recreation, a point of rule to which she held very much. "Do not try to prevent me," she would say, "my great enjoyment is the company of my children." Later in the day, she dictated a letter sanctioning the foundation of St. Paul, in the United States, but returning to her room, she said, "O Jesus, Jesus, I have seen my dear children for the last time."

On March 31st a doctor was called in and gave but slight hopes of recovery. Her sufferings increased daily, yet she interested herself keenly in the work of the Institute; she summoned her Council to discuss the foundation at Aden, and chose the Sisters to be sent there; she also made arrangements for several other houses, and almost daily received Holy Communion. On Friday in Passion Week, the Feast of Our Lady's Compassion, she grew much worse. It was a day of agonizing pain, which nothing could relieve. She received Holy Communion as Viaticum, and then was gladdened by good news of the house at Algiers, which had lately occasioned her some little anxiety. "You have no idea," she said, "how much I have endured on account of that house. I believe it is costing me my life. Were I not so great a sinner, I should be tempted to believe that Our Lord had chosen me as an expiatory victim. But I am not worthy to be made a victim for so great a work." In the midst of her pain she often said, "May Thy Will, O my God, be done in me, and through me, and by me, for ever! That is my sole desire." She had a special devotion to the Feast of Our Lady's Compassion. "It is a singular thing," she said, "Our Lady of Dolours usually brings me consolations, while on her Assumption, she bestows upon me nothing but crosses." To-day, however, she could only say, "This is a true Passion Week; it is evident Our Lady wishes me to stand beside her on Calvary. *Fiat*: I feel I am gradually passing away."

The next day she received Extreme Unction with great joy, and also Holy Viaticum. The Community were present, and before receiving the Sacred Host, she held up her hand, as a sign she wished to speak. In a low but clear voice she renewed her vows, and then said, "I ask pardon of the Community and of the Congregation for the pain and scandal I have given. I forgive with all my heart all who

have ever given me pain. My Community has always afforded me the greatest satisfaction." The sobs of those around her bed cut short her words, and she only added, "I declare that I die a child of the Holy Catholic Church, Roman and Apostolic."

After receiving Holy Communion, she remained for some time motionless, with closed eyes. A respite from pain seemed granted her, of which she took advantage to deliver a last instruction to her children. "Cultivate unity among yourselves," she said, "and if you have little differences, try to forgive and forget. Love your Institute, do all in your power to extend and strengthen it. Be ever loyal to Rome, to the Holy Father, to our Cardinal Protector. My devotion to Rome has cost me many trials and crosses, and has involved me in many difficulties, but now that I am dying, how I rejoice to think that I persevered in it! Love Rome; there is the centre of light, the pillar of fire which enlightens the whole world. You will find no better Father than the Sovereign Pontiff, and, after him, our Cardinal Protector." Then raising her hands to heaven, she blessed all her convents, saying, "Tell all who are absent and far away that I bless them all, and embrace them with the fondest affection."

It was the will of God that she should linger almost three weeks longer, during which her agony never ceased, yet she "praised, glorified, and blessed God in the midst of the furnace, saying, 'O ye fire and heat, bless the Lord, praise Him and exalt Him above all for ever.'" She said, "I desire to fall into no sin during this illness," and often added, "My God, Thou art my all; O Jesus, be Thou the breath of my life! Thou art my strength, I look to Thee alone for support; I bear the marks of the Lord Jesus in my body. Suffering has been offered to me, and I have accepted it. I am covered with wounds, but in these wounds I have found life. My soul is at peace, for I feel my God is within me and suffering

with me." She wished her last resting-place to be within the enclosure, and said one day to the Sister Assistant, "When it shall have pleased God to call my spirit to Himself, I should like my remains to be placed in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception. I am very fond of that chapel, and when there I shall be in the midst of our various establishments. The Magdalens, the Penitents and the children will be able to go and pray there." She did not actually name her successor, but allowed it to be understood that her choice was fixed upon Mother Mary of St. Peter de Coudenhove, who for nine years had been first Assistant General.

On Wednesday in Holy Week, she sent a message to the Community, telling them she would unite herself with them in all the Offices, and added an injunction to observe every detail marked in the directory. For nearly a fortnight after Palm Sunday, frequent attacks of sickness made it impossible to give her Holy Communion. She felt the privation keenly, yet submitted to it with perfect resignation. "Dear children," she would say, "God is purifying me. I unite my will to His. I adore His all-wise purposes. In His justice, He is laying a cross on my shoulders." On Maundy Thursday she said, "Since I entered the religious life this is the first time I have been unable to receive the Bread of Angels on this day." On Good Friday her sufferings became yet more agonizing, and she ardently desired to die that day. "How thankful I should be to God, if He would call me to Himself to-day! I cannot be present at the Offices of the Church, but will you please remind me of each hour as it passes, that I may follow Our Lord in His Passion, and be the companion of the Mother of Sorrows. If we die with Jesus Christ, we shall rise with Him." She spoke little through the day, but her few sentences showed she was following our Lord in spirit through His sufferings.

On the morning of Easter Sunday she said, "Our

Lord has risen again, and I am still left standing on Calvary. What an Easter morning for me! I cannot even receive Holy Communion, but may God's will be done!" Later in the day she fell into a swoon so prolonged that the Sisters feared her last hour had come. After one of these fainting fits, which became frequent as the end drew near, she said, "A few moments ago I believed myself to be dying; Our Blessed Lady keeps me in safety, she never leaves me. I can see her with the eyes of my soul, though not with those of my body. Oh! how happy I am in the protection of Mary! What would become of me without her?"

On Low Sunday, April 19th, she said, "I do not know how it is I continue to live amid such tortures; I am enduring a real martyrdom. Invoke Our Lady for me, for if she were not with me I should lose all patience. How kind she is! What consoling thoughts she suggests! How grateful I ought to be for all the favours she has bestowed upon me during my illness!" The next day she was able once more to receive Holy Communion, and when the doctor paid his visit he said, "It is easy to perceive that another and greater Physician has been here before me," so great and apparent was her feeling of joy and relief. On the 22nd she was permitted again to communicate, and on the 23rd did so for the last time. In the course of the morning, she asked to see the English Provincial. "Come in, come in, my dearest child," she exclaimed, "love is stronger than death. God has preserved my life that I may have the consolation of beholding you once more. I commit England to your care. Keep up the foundations. Let Angers be in England, and England at Angers."

The night which followed was one of acutest suffering. In the morning she sent for some Superiors of houses, who were then at Angers, and dismissed

them with her blessing. This was her last effort, for in the afternoon a sudden faintness came on, and she could only articulate, "Farewell, farewell, farewell my dearest children; farewell to the Institute." These were her last words.

Her agony had begun, and she remained motionless for two hours, her slow and laboured breathing being the only sign of life. The Sisters, kneeling at her side, uttered from time to time the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, as she had requested them to do at her last hour. They held the crucifix to her lips, and as the *Angelus* was ringing at six o'clock, she rendered her pure soul to God. So gentle and quiet was her departure, that those in the room could not detect the exact moment when she breathed her last. It was the evening of Friday, April 24th, and the following Sunday was Good Shepherd Sunday, the special Feast of the Order. She had been called home to keep the Feast in heaven.

On Saturday morning the body was carried to the Community-room, arranged as a chapel, and many came to take a last look at one they had loved and venerated.

Mother St. Euphrasia remained thus exposed until Monday, 27th. Her limbs lost nothing of their flexibility, and in spite of the extensive wound in her side not the slightest sign of decomposition made its appearance. The funeral was solemn and impressive, and was attended by many ecclesiastics and the entire Community to the number of 340. She was buried, as she had wished, in the chapel of the Immaculate Conception, and was declared Venerable by Pope Leo XIII. on December 11, 1897.

Before concluding this sketch of the life of the Venerable Mother Mary of St. Euphrasia Pelletier, it may be well briefly to describe one of the convents she established. To describe one is to describe them all. No one can visit a Home of the Good Shepherd without being at once impressed by the air of peace and holy joy that

seems to permeate it ; the grace of God seems written on every face, and though a great amount of manual labour is always being carried on, perfect quiet and order reign throughout.

The nuns are divided into three classes, the choir-religious with white habits, blue girdles and black veils ; the lay Sisters with white habits and white veils, and the Tourière, or out-Sisters, with a black habit. The Sisters live and work in a different part of the house to the penitents, while the various classes of the latter are also kept wisely distinct, even in church. They are mainly occupied in laundry and other industries, thus being trained to earn their own living in the future and meanwhile contributing to their support. While at work, at prayer or recreation, some of the nuns are always in charge to maintain order, and to console and cheer them at their task, in the execution of which they "sing and make melody in their hearts." It is customary to call the nuns by the name of "Mother," a name happily combining a gentle authority with a tender affection, while the penitents, of whatever age, are always called "children."

The convents are truly houses of prayer. Mother St. Euphrasia knew that in prayer lay the key to all success in work for God. "Without an interior spirit," she said, "without mental prayer, how futile is our work ! Never can we expect to labour successfully for souls, unless we seek in silence and prayer the light so indispensable for our guidance. The heart of the religious who neglects meditation, is like an empty cistern which allows the water of grace to escape. When about to pray, consider that God invites you to it, and is ready to grant you the light and grace necessary to pray well. If in prayer you experience dryness and difficulty, this may be a trial sent you by God ; bear it patiently, remaining humbly at His feet, assuring Him with all simplicity that you have no wish but to please

Him. Or this difficulty may proceed from want of preparation or of mortification, or from a certain attachment to creatures which separates us from God. If so, apply a prompt remedy to the evil by removing every obstacle to your union with Him. Experience will teach you that it is only by prayer that you learn to pray well. Mental prayer is a private audience granted to us by God, in which He manifests Himself, in order to lavish His graces upon us, and it is our part to entreat God to instruct us in the method of converse with Him, preparing ourselves for prayer by great fidelity in the performance of duties, and then presenting ourselves before Him in all simplicity, with an eager readiness to listen to His voice when He speaks to the heart, bids us correct our faults and make some sacrifice for His sake."

Certainly the peculiar and responsible nature of the work entrusted to the Order of the Good Shepherd calls for a high degree of sanctity and prudence in those who undertake it. It is a direct work for souls, for souls that have wandered far. It is the nearest approach to the work of a priest that a woman can perform. But the experience of two hundred years has now amply proved that Father Eudes was right when he declared, in God's name, that there would be a special protection over those who worked for the conversion of sinners, according to the rules he prescribed. The problem to be considered by the founder in framing these rules, was to find the best method of uniting constant personal intercourse with the penitents, in order to influence them continually and strongly for good, with that amount of separation which would ensure reverence and respect, yet never diminish love and confidence. On the one hand, too much familiarity must be avoided, while, on the other, the nuns must not stand aloof as if they were officials in a public institution ; and these two extremes are avoided with admirable wisdom by the rules he laid down. The penitents, for example, may seek advice and

help from the Mothers in all their difficulties, but never are they allowed to allude to their past lives, nor may they do so in conversation with one another. The past is forgiven, and is best buried with the one word "Reparation" written on its tomb. The object is to fill them with higher and holier aims, bidding them think only of the present, and fill it with work for God. The inmates of a Home of the Good Shepherd are thus fired with the one idea of making atonement for past sins and preventing future falls. In the seclusion and protection of the Home, guided by its rules, fed by a life of prayer and work, obedient and unknown to all outside, they have a chance of doing this, of which they are keen to avail themselves. The spirit of St. Peter after his denial, of St. Mary Magdalen after her forgiveness, animates them one and all. They have tasted the world and found its bitterness: they now "taste and see how sweet is the Lord." "This is my rest for ever," they say; "here will I dwell, for I have chosen it." They have no wish to show themselves abroad as monuments of God's grace, as is so often unhappily done by those outside the Church, saying: "I was a sinner, but look at me now: I am saved." No, their daily thought is: "Let them turn backward and blush for shame that say to me, 'Tis well, 'tis well: I have denied my Master; I have wandered far from home; but by the grace of God I am now amid the sheep of the Good Shepherd; *laqueus contritus est et nos liberati sumus;* the snare is broken and we are set free; here in penance and in prayer let me follow my Lord to the end."

May their number increase and multiply; may houses of the Good Shepherd adorn at least every large town in England, once Our Lady's Dowry; and may this little biography have some share in making the work of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd more widely known, more truly appreciated, more warmly loved!

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ARE INDULGENCES SOLD IN SPAIN?

(THE BULA DE LA CRUZADA)

By the Rev. SYDNEY F. SMITH, S.J.

To many of our readers the name Bula de la Cruzada conveys no very definite idea, but to others it recalls a practice which they have had at times thrown in their teeth as one of the notable scandals of the Catholic Church. Hence the latter will welcome any light we may be able to throw upon the subject, whilst the former also after this indication will feel their interest excited.

We must begin by describing the practice as it is said to exist at present throughout the dominions of the Spanish and Portuguese Crowns, as well as in most of the countries in the New World which formerly belonged to those Crowns; nor shall we shrink from describing it in the crude terms which, if not really justifiable, can, as we know, appear to be so to an outside critic of our communion, even though he be not ill-intentioned. In England such a person would say, "You are obliged by the law of your Church to abstain from flesh-meat on certain days in the year, except that, in case of weak health or other cause deemed sufficient, you apply to the authorities of your Church for a Dispensation. In England, again, when you desire to obtain the release of a soul from Purgatory you try to gain an Indulgence, which involves saying certain prayers with

devotion and, if the Indulgence you have in view is plenary, going also to Confession and Holy Communion. In Spain, where the same general law of abstinence binds, and the same desire to obtain Indulgences for the dead is felt, a much more simple though unfortunately a much less spiritual method of seeking relief is practised, for there you simply go to a shop where books of devotion, crucifixes, holy pictures, and similar articles of piety are on sale, and you ask for a pair of Papal Bulls—a Bula de Carnes which dispenses you from the obligation of abstinence, and a Bula de Difuntos which grants you a Plenary Indulgence applicable to any departed soul you may wish to name. Nor is the sum you pay for these Bulls more than a few pence. Nor do you require in the one case to be able to plead weak health or an equivalent excuse, or in the other to undertake to say any prayers or even to keep free from sin, but in both cases, after paying the money, receiving the copy of the Bull and inscribing a name in the blank space upon it, you have the satisfaction of being able to walk out of the shop with the consciousness that you have got what you sought, straight off, without further conditions."

It is not surprising that persons who take this to be a just representation of the Spanish usage should set down the whole system as unspeakably gross and mechanical, and should infer that the people who practise it must sadly misconceive the dispositions of heart which form the essence of all true religion. And yet when we meet Spanish Catholics—devout Spanish Catholics, that is to say, for the conduct of the indevout reflects only on themselves—we do not find them to differ in this respect from Catholics in England or elsewhere. Like others they have their national characteristics, but they also share with others the same convictions as to the preparation of heart required in those who seek the Divine pardon for their sins, and show the same capability to lead holy lives, conformed to the spiritual pattern set by our Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed, when one bears in mind that the system based on the Bula de la

Cruzada dates back now for many centuries, one feels it to be nothing less than an outrage to put on its defence against these gross charges a nation which has been able to produce saints so spiritual as St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, or St. John of the Cross, not to speak of the vast multitude of servants of God in each age and generation, by the side of whom saints like those named are but as the highest peaks of a mountain range. Evidently, then, there must be some deflection from the truth in the account above cited, and we shall find it to consist in isolating a few external features of the usage which so isolated can be arbitrarily misconstrued, and leaving out of account the inner spirit which gives a rational meaning to the external elements; as likewise in confounding the observance of the fervent with that of the lax.

We must begin with a brief outline of the history of the Cruzada. As the name implies, the usage originated with the Crusades, which themselves, as we are all aware, were so called because the Crusader, on binding himself to serve, fixed a cross on his breast. The Crusades known to the ordinary English histories are seven in number, and ended in 1291, but for the Popes they were more numerous and lasted much longer. The Saracens were succeeded, as the great enemies of Christendom, by the Osmanli Turks, who crossed the Bosphorus in 1355, and from that time onwards till the middle of the seventeenth were ever endeavouring to extend their dominions westward, and engulph the whole of Western Europe. This standing danger to the continent was by no means a fancy danger, but one which for long centuries bore a strong probability of being realized; and the Popes accordingly were in continual anxiety, and were constantly appealing to the western sovereigns to combine for a crusade against the common foe. They took a high spiritual view of the situation, for the triumph of the Turk, wheresoever it was achieved, meant the persecution of the Christians who passed under his yoke, and so a temptation against their faith which only heroism

could withstand. What wonder, then, that these spiritual rulers of Christendom should have regarded the dispensation from some of the obligations of fasting, and the grant of Indulgences, as fitting spiritual stimulus and recompense for those who, whether by personal service or pecuniary contributions, would co-operate for the defence of the Christian kingdoms and the rescue of their captive brethren? The incautious reader must, however, be reminded that the military service to which these spiritual offers were made was not the service of the military adventurer, but service rendered in a genuine religious spirit, and accompanied by a fervent practice of the duties of a Christian life; and such too was the spirit in which the alms were to be contributed.

As unfortunately the northern sovereigns during the Middle Ages, and even later, were ever absorbed in miserable dynastic disputes among themselves, and apparently calculated that this Turkish danger would not reach their own borders till they themselves were in their graves, the Popes could never succeed in inducing them to join heartily and persistently in these Crusades; and one incidental consequence has been that the offer of Crusade Dispensations and Indulgences never exercised any moulding influence on the habits of the northern nations. With Spain and Southern Italy, it was otherwise; for there a similar Crusade had been required of its Christian inhabitants for some thirteen centuries, and one to which they were the more disposed to respond cordially in that the foe was close at hand, and their own homes were the bone of contention. In 710 the Moors, who for some time previously had been pushing their way westwards along the north coast of Africa, crossed over into the Spanish Peninsula, and within a short period had occupied the whole country, and reduced to servitude the greater part of its Christian population. One small corner amidst the mountains of Asturia was the sole refuge left to the few who had managed to keep their freedom. Still, from this small corner in the north-west a war of recovery almost immediately commenced, and

though it was slow and difficult and took many centuries before it accomplished its final purpose, it did succeed in gradually driving the intruders more and more southwards, and at the end of the fifteenth century, under Ferdinand and Isabella, in forcing them to retire altogether into Africa; after which the whole nation was united once more under a Christian ruler.

During all this long and stormy period the sense that they were engaged in a strictly religious war, for the liberation of their fellow-Christians and the preservation of their own religious security, was deep in the hearts of the Spaniards; and from the time of Urban II. we find them soliciting the grace of Indulgences to aid them in their struggle, by rewarding their defenders who fought for them or contributed towards the expenses of the wars. The Popes responded readily, originally by isolated but repeated grants according as the occasions demanded, but from the time of Ferdinand and Isabella onwards by a stable arrangement, according to which, when the time covered by the previous grant had expired, its renewal was at once to be solicited and accorded for another specified term of years. It was thus that the Cruzada system in regard to Indulgences and Dispensations came to be a lasting institution in the life of the country—in fact, of all those lands which at any time since the fifteenth century formed part of the Spanish dominions.

Here, however, it may be asked what ground could there be for this perpetuation of the Cruzada, just when the motive for granting it had, through the final expulsion of the Moors, ceased to be operative. The answer is, in the first instance, that the self-same danger, in a different but only less aggravating form, continued to press. In the beginning of the sixteenth century Aruch Barbarossa, a famous pirate, became the ruler of Algiers, and established that system of organized piracy which for the three following centuries made Barbary a terror to the Christian voyagers on the waters of the Mediterranean and the Christian dwellers on its shores. For

a vivid picture of what this meant a passage may be quoted from a letter in which the Archbishop of Naples, in 1778, published the Cruzada of that year: "Our seas are now full of barbarian vessels which are incessantly approaching our shores, carrying off and putting in chains those unfortunate inhabitants who, whilst working in their fields or sailing along our coasts in the exercise of their trade, find the bread of affliction there where they sought to find subsistence for the families from which they have been torn. These fathers, sons, husbands, removed far away from their children, mothers, and wives, not only bring ruin on their abandoned families, but are tempted to bend under their sufferings and sorrows, and at length to permit the infidels to wrest from their hearts the sacred treasure of faith." This description refers directly to the dwellers on the Sicilian coasts, but applies equally to those living on the coast of Spain; and explains to us the continuance of the Cruzada system, the alms collected through which were, as long as the evil lasted, to be employed in defraying the expenses of resistance to the pirates, and of the redemption of their victims. It was not till the early part of the nineteenth century that this necessity ceased to press, and by that time another of a different kind, but of religious importance to the whole nation, came to succeed it. The social upheaval of the Revolution involved the destruction and confiscation of an enormous amount of Church property, the result being that it was now a problem of great difficulty to know how to maintain the clergy and the Church services. Accordingly the Cruzada system was continued, the alms being now applied to defray the expenses of the Church services. At first this new arrangement was introduced by tacit consent, but in 1851 it was formally allowed and enjoined by Pius IX., and it is the arrangement still in use.

This historical outline has been necessary because, unless these past facts are borne in mind it is impossible to understand why there should obtain in the Spanish dominions a system differing so much

from what prevails elsewhere, and why the Popes should encourage and regulate it instead of recalling those countries to the methods elsewhere prevalent. In its spiritual as well as in its civil and social institutions and habits, the present of each country is the outcome of its past — even of its long past. It is in man's nature that it should be so, and the Holy See has never sought to fight against so imperative a necessity, but, on the contrary, has always used it and striven to regulate it. And this is what has happened in regard to the Cruzada in Spain and the countries akin to it. The causes which have been indicated determined the introduction and long continuance of the system in those countries, and the time came when it had entered so deeply into the life of these nations that it was impossible even for the Popes to change it without violence ; nor, as we have now to see, was there any need of changing it, except perhaps in some minor points, since when rightly estimated it is seen to contain no real improprieties, and in the matter of leniency or laxity does not differ materially from the systems prevailing in other countries—our own, for instance.

The improprieties imputed to the Cruzada system which have been specified at the beginning of this tract, may be reduced to two heads : that the spiritual concessions granted by it amount to a system of scandalous laxity, and that instead of being granted freely they are made available only to those who will purchase them in the market, which is simoniacal and demoralizing. We will consider them in this order, and in the first place, therefore, as to the charge of laxity. Does the system of the Cruzada foster an undue laxity of spiritual observance by granting Indulgences too profusely and on too easy conditions, by exempting improperly from the ordinary discipline of fasting and abstinence,[1] or by

[1] It is enough in the text to compare the Cruzada system with that *now* prevailing in other countries. That it innovates enormously in its mitigation of the stern discipline, both in

making offers of what is called Composition? These are the three points to which objection has been chiefly taken, and to these we may confine our examination.

The Cruzada Bull, or rather Brief, for the modern renewals are always in the form of Briefs, is addressed to the King of Spain, and recites an application received from him on behalf of his subjects as the ground for the renewal. It sets forth in fourteen clauses the various favours conceded, with the conditions attached, and appoints the Archbishop of Toledo Commissary General for the administration of the whole affair—with power to tax the alms and make any other necessary arrangements for the due carrying out of the measure. The Archbishop of Toledo, in the exercise of these faculties, draws up a

regard to Penances and Indulgences, which prevailed in far-back times, is a charge which cannot be brought specially against the Spanish system, inasmuch as it can be made as justly (or unjustly) against that of other modern countries. Still a word on this more general question may aid to the fuller understanding of the one in hand. As regards Penances, such as fasting and abstinence, we must start from the patent fact that the course of centuries has wrought a change in human temperaments. Whether in the general balance of advances and declensions this change spells ultimately improvement or decay we need not discuss, for it is at least certain that the modern generations simply could not live under the stern austerities and restrictions which former generations found so possible and reasonable. So too as regards Indulgences which in former times were so scantily allowed and on such exacting conditions, but are now granted so lavishly, and on such easy terms. There was a transitional period, about the time of the Reformation, when the growing process of multiplication and mitigation seemed to certain theologians to forbode grave declension from habits of piety and grave injury to souls. But we who can look back, and have an inner experience of the present state of the Church, do not find that this anticipation has been justified. The class who are studious to gain Indulgences are not less marked by their piety and solid virtues than the corresponding class in former ages, nor does any one suppose it would be for the good, and not rather for the injury of souls, if the Church's authority were to reintroduce the stern system of the middle or primitive age. It was adapted to the temperament of those generations, but each age needs to be treated according to its own conditions.

Summary in which the technicalities of the Papal Letter are omitted, and the character of the spiritual favours offered is indicated in language easier to be understood. It is the copies of this Summary which those who desire to avail themselves of the privileges of the Cruzada have to take out, and it is these which are popularly, though incorrectly, called the Bulas. This Summary in its general form is also called the Bula de Vivos, to distinguish it from three supplementary Summaries, those de Difuntos, de Lacticinios, and de Composicion, the nature of which we shall have to explain as we go along ; and from the Bula de Carnes, a comparatively modern grant, distinct from the Cruzada, of which likewise we shall have to speak.

The General Summary, or Bula de Vivos, contains fourteen clauses, each specifying some one concession, but we are confining our examination to those bearing on the three points above indicated, that is, Indulgences for the living and the dead, Dispensations from fasting fare, and Composition.

First as to the grant of Indulgences for the living. These are contained in Clauses 1, 5, and 6, and, as apart from the mode in which they are made dependent on taking out the Summary (which we are to consider presently) there is absolutely nothing about them which differs from what is in use in our own country, it is not necessary to comment on this section of the Bull. It is enough to say that it includes (1) a Plenary Indulgence once a year on a day of choice for any one who confesses and communicates, and gives alms for the support of Divine worship ; (2) a Partial Indulgence to any one who fasts voluntarily on some day on which he is not otherwise obliged to fast by the law of the Church, and who gives alms to some charity of his own selection, and prays for the objects known as "the Pope's intention" ; (3) a set of Indulgences, assimilated to those offered at Rome for visiting the Churches of the Stations, to any one who will visit five churches, or five altars, and pray there for "the Pope's intention." Further, as the Summary for

the living can be taken out twice in the year, the Indulgences of Clauses 1 and 6 can be gained twice in the year. The Indulgence of Clause 5 can be gained *toties quoties* within the year—that is, as often as the person is prepared to fulfil the prescribed conditions.

By a recent Brief of Leo XIII. any one of the Indulgences offered under the Cruzada to the living can also be applied to the dead. But apart from this there have been for some time past ten among the days of the Stations expressly designated by the Holy See as days on which a Plenary Indulgence can be gained for the dead, in addition to that for the living. Also Clause 2 of the Cruzada, and of the General Summary, offers a further Plenary Indulgence for the dead, of the same kind as that offered in Clause 1 for the living, but on condition of a further alms. This can be gained on any day chosen throughout the year, and therefore, if the Bull is taken out twice, on two days chosen within the year. Moreover, it is in connection with this particular Indulgence for the dead, and because of the condition attached to it, that the supplementary Bula, or Summary de Difuntos, comes into use. Those who desire to gain this special Indulgence, in addition to the General Summary, take out a Bula de Difuntos, paying the needful alms for it. These are all the Indulgences offered under the Cruzada for the faithful departed, and again, mindful of what we can gain in this country, we must acknowledge that they do not overstep the limits offered elsewhere.

Surprise has, however, been expressed at two circumstances connected with these Spanish Indulgences for the dead. One is the phrase, *Hoy se saca anima*—"To-day a soul can be drawn out of Purgatory"—which appears as a notice on the church doors when any one of the ten Station days comes round, and is also found in the Summary at the head of the list in which these ten days are enumerated. It has been objected that the phrase implies a popular belief that the Pope claims the power to terminate at will the temporal punishment which

God has thought fit to allot to the soul of any one of the departed. But the phrase does not belong to the official language of the Holy See; it is a mere Spanish colloquialism, which just on that account is allowed to appear on the church doors and in the Summary, which, as explained, avoids technicalities and condescends somewhat to the ordinary language of the people for whom it is issued. Nor is there anything objectionable in the colloquialism, which being such is not to be construed literally, any more than such legal maxims as "the King can do no wrong" are to be understood literally, but is to be construed according to the known beliefs of the people who use it. Nor is there in this respect any difference of belief between the Spaniards and ourselves. It is the universally understood doctrine that the Pope has no authority whatever in Purgatory, but that he can, as the head and representative of the Church on earth, petition Almighty God to accept whatever proportion of the good works, prayers, penances, and alms of its members He may deem necessary to satisfy the debt of punishment still remaining to be exacted from the soul for whom the offering is made. It is for Him to determine how far He will accept the offering and apply it for the release of that soul; but knowing that it is He who, through His Church, has taught us to make such offerings for the holy dead, we feel confident that He will respond to the petitions He has inspired, and it is the assurance thus derived which is expressed in the colloquialism in question.

The other circumstance which has occasioned surprise is that for obtaining the Indulgence for the dead granted in Clause 2 no other condition is prescribed save the mere giving of the alms, no Confession or Communion, or prayer or good work,—no spiritual act, that is to say, but a mere money payment. We are reserving till later on the determination of the true character of the money payments under the Cruzada; for the moment we shall assume that they are *bona fide* alms for religious purposes, which being so they do form true spiritual

acts. The alms indeed, in the case before us, is too small to be greatly felt by the donor, but neither is the recitation of such a prayer as the *En ego*—so commonly in use here as a means of gaining a Plenary Indulgence for the dead—a matter which largely strains our powers of endurance ; nor must we forget, what is insisted on in every book dealing with the subject of Indulgences, that the motive for granting them on so ample a scale as is nowadays usual, is drawn not from the severity of the conditions imposed, but from the general effect, in quickening piety throughout the Church, of so many inducements to frequent the sacraments and engage in other spiritual acts. Of course it is possible that what the Church prescribes as an alms, and therefore as a true spiritual act, may be given in a purely mechanical way, but so too may the short prayer, *En ego*, be recited in a purely mechanical way ; and all that one can say, in the one case as in the other, is that those who fulfil the condition prescribed in a spirit so alien from that asked for by the Church will do well to doubt whether they have fulfilled it at all, and can anticipate the promised result. This, however, is far from the ordinary practice of the devout Spaniard who, on the recurrence of the day of death and of the name-day of a departed friend, tries to gain this Indulgence for his soul, and for that object takes out the Bula de Difuntos and offers his alms to God, accompanying the act with some fervent prayers, and perhaps with hearing Mass or going to Communion for the same intention.

We next come to the clauses of the Bull which contain Dispensations from fasting fare. Here, in the first place, attention must be drawn to the distinction, so familiar to Catholics, but unknown to some who may perhaps see these words, between fasting and abstinence ; of which the first regards the quantity of food allowed on the days concerned and the latter the quality ; the former forbidding to eat more than one full meal a day which must not be before noon, and the latter prohibiting the use of

flesh-meat, eggs and *lacticinia* (that is, the animal products, milk, butter, and cheese). The first thing to notice about the Cruzada is that it gives no dispensation at all in regard to the obligation of fasting. Those who are able to fast without injury to health must continue to do so, however much they take out the Cruzada, and those who on grounds of health are subjects for exemption can obtain their Dispensations independently of it. What the Cruzada dispenses from is solely the law of abstinence, by permitting the use on fast-days of food which would otherwise be forbidden. And in regard to this it contains in Clause 4 two declarations. We call them declarations, because the first is not really a Dispensation. It is to the effect that all taking out the Bull may eat flesh-meat on fast-days "under the advice of both physicians, the spiritual and the corporal, whenever necessity or weak health of body or other cause demands it." By the two physicians are, of course, meant the confessor and the doctor, and the case contemplated is one when Catholics are understood to be legitimately dispensed all over the world, so that at most this clause has for the present day the value of an authentic declaration that these Dispensations are legitimate. That it is expressed in the form of a permission is probably due to its having originated at a time when such Dispensations, though in principle recognized as lawful, were less freely granted, and were reserved to the Bishop instead of being left to the confessor to grant.

The second declaration in Clause 4 grants leave for eggs and *lacticinia* on all fast days even in Lent, and here there is no stipulation that the confessor and doctor be consulted, but on the contrary a declaration that it may be used "freely"—by all the laity that is to say, for this Dispensation is somewhat limited as regards the clergy, secular and regular. In the Cruzada Bull itself these are still restricted to the use of eggs and *lacticinia* during the whole of Lent, but since the time of Urban VIII. (1624), on representations from the Kings of Spain, this restriction has been lessened, and now leaves

the clergy free to eat eggs and *lacticinia*, except during Holy Week.

We shall have to speak in a moment of the further concessions of the modern Bula de Carnes, but as the above are all the dispensations contained in the Cruzada as it stood till the beginning of the last century, indeed as it still stands so far as its own text goes, we may break off here, as in the case of the Indulgences, to compare the Spanish system with that of our own country. As regards fasting proper, that is, as regards the number of meals allowed, we are in exactly the same position as they. In virtue of the Lenten Indults, which are now issued regularly year by year, we are forbidden eggs only on Ash Wednesday and the last three days of Holy Week, and cheese only on Ash Wednesday and Good Friday ; and are allowed milk and butter on all the days throughout the year. Obviously, then, there is no substantial difference between our modern custom and theirs, and if we compare both with the past and ask for the reasons which can have justified so radical a departure from the type of abstinence enforced on our ancestors, we find them to be not less, but perhaps more, cogent as regards Spain than as regards England. Writing in 1758, Archbishop Cerezo, at that time the Commissary General for the Cruzada, referring to the former hardships its dispensations had alleviated, speaks as follows: "The law (of abstinence) deprives us of a good number of dishes pleasant to the palate and not injurious to health, and the privation presses with particular severity on those countries where—as St. Gregory says of certain mountainous regions—if one sometimes hears talk of fresh fish one seldom sees it, and where in consequence one has to keep the fast on herbs and vegetables, and make the best of fish that has been salted." Even in England, in mediæval times, indeed throughout the pre-railway period, this difficulty must have been seriously felt. The monks may have had their fish-ponds, but to what an extent they were dependent on salted fish may be seen from the interesting lists of their daily

fare in Dean Kitchin's *Register of St. Swithin's Abbey*, at Winchester. Yet Winchester was comparatively near the sea. What, then, must have been the condition of the monks who lived further inland, and what of the population generally, for whom it must have been impracticable to obtain regular supplies from distant fisheries? Indeed, one marvels how they could live under such conditions, nor is it surprising that a time came when the Church, having regard to the changes which the development of trade and the consequent improvement in the food of the people had wrought in human constitutions, should judge that she might relax somewhat her ancient assignment of abstinence fare, without thereby disturbing its proportionate effect as a mortification of the flesh.

And if this cause sufficed for the relaxation in countries like our own, much more must it be held to have sufficed for a country like Spain. Indeed it might be contended with some force that in modern England, with its many fisheries so rich alike in the abundance and the variety of their yield, and its perfect system of transport, the causes which, according to Archbishop Cerezo, originally justified the permission of eggs and *lacticinia* have ceased to exist. But such a contention would be much less forcible as applied to modern Spain. That country has indeed its fisheries, but chiefly of anchovies, bream, and congers on the Atlantic coast, and of tunny, bass, mullet, and gurnard on the Mediterranean. For such fish as the cod, the herring, the ling, and the mackerel, which alone are in sufficient abundance to supply the ordinary wants of whole populations, the Spaniards are dependent on northern fisheries like our own, which means that they can have experience of such fish only in the salted condition. Then too there is the defect of transport in the undeveloped state of Spanish railways.

Bearing these facts in mind, we shall be the better able to judge of the fitness of the Bula de Carnes, to which allusion has already been made, and to which we now come. Some of our readers may have been

saying to themselves, "But surely in Spain there is permission to eat flesh-meat on most of the days when it is prohibited by the law of abstinence in other countries." No doubt it is so, but through the Bula de Carnes and in no way through the Cruzada. The Bula de Carnes—which, like the others of which we have spoken, is a summary issued by the Commissary General of the Cruzada—is based on a Brief originally granted by Pius VII. on September 19, 1800, which has since been renewed in the same way as the Cruzada. We have not had access to the Brief of September, 1800, but a consequent Brief to the General Commissary, dated August 7, 1801, describes it as having been granted in response to the solicitation of Carlos IV., who had asked that meat might be allowed on all but a very few days during the year, alleging as a motive, "not merely the high cost but even the absolute dearth of other kinds of food" from which the country was then suffering, and asking that leave might be given not merely "whilst the present war lasts, but for a period of six years, seeing that even when the war is over it will require that time to repair the losses and calamities which the towns and villages have suffered."[1] The war in question was the war against England into which Spain had been driven by her alliance with the French Republic. It had led, after the disaster to the Spanish fleet off Cape St. Vincent, to a very effective blockade, an idea of which may be gathered from the memoirs of Lord Dundonald; and the result was that the capture and importation of sea-fish was for the time entirely prevented. Pius VII., under these circumstances, readily acceded to the King's representations, and granted leave for flesh-meat on all days of the year, save Ash Wednesday, the Fridays of Lent, the last four days of Holy Week, the vigils of Christmas, Pentecost, SS. Peter and Paul, and the Assumption. This exemption was conditioned by the previous taking out of the Cruzada, and by the further payment of a special alms which in this instance was to

[1] Salces, *Explicacion de la Bula de la Santa Cruzada*, p. 411, App

go, not to the fund for maintaining public worship, but to the poor, the Pope quoting the words of St. Cæsarius,[1] "If a man cannot fast let him give to the poor;" and for this same reason to the poor the Bula de Carnes was to be given free. It was Pius VII.'s intention that this Indulto Cuaresmal, as it is also called, should cease at the expiration of the six years. But that period sufficed for a national habit to form, and, as has been said, the Holy See is wont to respect such national habits, save where they involve a serious abuse. In the case of this grant, moreover, we can see solid reasons why the usage which a transitory national calamity had first necessitated should be allowed to pass into the habitual observance of the nation; for on the one hand the difficulties of a fresh-fish supply for the whole population, as we have reflected, still persists in that country, and, on the other hand, the succession of troubles, particularly the religious troubles, through which it has had to pass during the nineteenth century, were such as to render undesirable every unnecessary innovation on its religious ways. Such would seem to have been the reasons which have induced the Holy See to sanction, as it has done by regular renewals, the continuance of the permission first granted in 1800.

We come now to the third class of concessions granted in the Cruzada, that referring to what is called Composition, and here it must be acknowledged we find an arrangement which, until its principle is clearly understood, may very naturally seem extraordinary. By Composition is meant an agreement between debtor and creditor, by which the latter, in consideration of the circumstances, agrees to take a portion of what is owing to him as a sufficient discharge of the whole debt. In the sense of the Cruzada, it is an agreement of this kind by which the Holy See, as the supreme administrator of ecclesiastical and charitable funds, accepts on behalf of some one or other of these funds a portion

[1] Hom. xii.

of what is due to it from an unjust possessor, and on this condition discharges him from all further obligation to restore. There are three clauses in the Cruzada Summary appertaining to this Composition, in two of which the unjust possessors in question are ecclesiastics who have spent the incomes of their benefices, though conscious of some flaw in their title, or of neglect to discharge the duties to which the benefice obliged them. Such ecclesiastics are bound to restore all that they have unjustly appropriated of these Church funds, and are incapable of receiving absolution for their sins until they have either done so already or given solid proofs of a sincere intention to do so as soon as possible. The Cruzada does nothing towards validating their title or protecting them from punishment for the neglect of duty, but condones to them the larger portion of the sum they are bound to restore. In these two cases, the creditor being clearly the Church, there can be no difficulty in recognizing that the Church, through her supreme administrator, has the absolute right to abate a portion of her just claims. Whether it is also a reasonable thing to grant such an abatement is a further question we can consider along with the similar question which will arise in regard to the next clause.

This next clause, the fourteenth in the Summary, runs thus : " Finally," says the General Commissary, " we are empowered (by the Cruzada Brief) to fix, but solely for the court of conscience, a competent Composition for goods unjustly acquired, in the words and form prescribed in the (already cited) Summary of Composition."

Turning to this Summary of Composition for further information, we read that "the Vicar of Christ, desiring to provide for the peace of conscience of those of the faithful who are afflicted by the burden of having to restore the goods or property of others, . . . empowers (the Commissary) to grant Composition . . . to such as have unjustly taken or acquired what belongs to others, *if* after having diligently made the needful inquiries, they

are unable to find the persons to whom they ought to make restitution—provided that they take an oath that they have made such diligent inquiries, and that, in taking or acquiring what belongs to others, they have not acted in reliance and hope of receiving this Composition." The Commissary then goes on to exercise the power given him and to assign the Composition, and the character of this we shall explain in a moment; but first to get a clear idea of the circumstances. The case contemplated is where a man has been guilty of dishonesty in either taking or keeping what is not his own. He has become repentant for his sin and desires God's forgiveness through the Sacrament of Penance. But he must, in order to obtain it, be ready to make restitution to the person injured, unless indeed, and so far forth as, this person in kindness forgives him the whole or a portion of the debt. So far the Cruzada grant has no application. But suppose the true owner of what has been unjustly taken is not to be found, either because it is not known who he is, or because it is not known where he is, although the offender has conscientiously done all that is possible to discover him. What is to be done in that case? Probably the mass of people would solve such a case in their own favour, thinking that as there was no discoverable owner, they were lucky enough to be delivered from the duty of restitution. But Catholic theology lays down another principle besides that of restitution to the person injured—the principle that "no man must enrich himself with the goods of others," and that if he cannot find the real owner he must make the restitution to the Church for the service of God or to the poor, that is, to some public object by which all benefit, these funds being the nearest representatives of the missing owner that are discoverable; for it is assumed that if his money cannot be restored to himself, he would wish it applied to these good objects rather than that it should enrich the unjust possessor. It is thus that the jurisdiction of the Holy See comes in, for the above-mentioned funds having in the way described

obtained by devolution a right to the restitution due, the Pope, their supreme administrator, has a right to exact it, or, on good grounds, to remit a portion of it. This is the point which needs to be specially noted, for it lies at the root of the whole matter. Just as the owner, because he is the owner, is entitled either to exact the whole or in clemency to condone a part of the debt, so if he cannot be found, the fund to which his proprietary right passes is entitled to do one or other of these things through its lawful administrator.

But how about the reasonableness of such a remission, especially in the abatement granted through the Cruzada—which, for debts less than about thirty pounds of English money, is of all but a fourteenth of the whole. Must it not tend to encourage dishonesty, since people might say, "I will take this that does not belong to me, for I can avail myself of the Cruzada, and by restoring a small portion, keep the rest and still save my soul"? This objection, however, is quickly answered, for one who thus acted would not be able to use the Cruzada, because of its stipulation that the person must not have acted dishonestly in reliance on the offer of Composition. Still, apart from this, can it be of good precedent to remit so much? From the point of view of the interest of the ecclesiastical fund concerned, it is answered by the commentators on the Cruzada that by this leniency the pious funds get what mounts up to a very valuable annual contribution, whereas if they were to exact their full rights they might get much less, the task of restoring large sums being mostly a very hard one, and such as the debtor is wont to shrink from. And this consideration further supplies the key to the question whether the arrangement is good, spiritually, for the debtors themselves. Here one must reflect on the state in which persons bound to restore usually find themselves. It is much more easy to take from another than to pay it back again. At the moment of taking the dishonest person is the richer by the sum which he has taken. But as time goes on this increment to

his store has disappeared, and it is often very difficult for him to get together the amount of his debt ; or, even if his dishonesty has added to his lawful means, it has often caused him to enter into various relations with others which must be broken through, after perhaps years of standing, if he is to pay back all that he took. The effect is to deter him from restitution and therefore repentance : "I would gladly make my peace with God, but it means making this full restitution at the cost of ruin to self and family, to fortunes and reputation, for it will all have to come out, and this is a calamity I have not the courage to face." Of course, his creditor has a perfect right to exact the debt from him in full, and say to him, "These are but the consequences of your dishonesty which have fallen upon you." Still, if the creditor, knowing the circumstances, is disposed to be lenient with his debtor, that the path of repentance may be smoothed for him, the creditor's conduct is most laudable, and it is under this aspect that the Church, as acting through the Cruzada, regards her own attitude to the repentant offender, in the case when the true proprietor is not discoverable and she has become his substitute.

Such are the principles on which the practice of Composition rests. As regards the method in which the restitution under it is made, a very brief account may suffice. As in the case of the Indulgences for the dead, and the permission for flesh-meat, the person, having taken out the General Summary, further takes out some Summaries of Composition, as many as he requires to make up the sum he has to restore ; for he gives for each of these Summaries one peseta and five céntimos—a little over tenpence of English money—and this is the Composition for fourteen pesetas and seventy-one céntimos. He may take out up to fifty of these if need be, but if that does not suffice to compound for his obligation —in other words, if the sum for which he compounds is above thirty pounds of English money—he must lay his case individually before the Commissary General and take his decision. And in all

cases, whatever the composition paid in may be, it goes like the rest of the income of the Cruzada to defray the expenses of the Church services. It is a curiously old-world method, no doubt, and such as would never have been devised for any newly-introduced scheme, but effective enough in its way, and one to which the people have grown accustomed through long-standing usage.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said about the privileges granted by the Cruzada, but we have still to examine the objection taken to what is alleged to be the simoniacal traffic whereby the Bulas—that is, the Summaries—are bought and sold over the counter in the public shops. But not every interchange of spirituals and temporals is tainted with the vice of simony, for, as St. Paul says, "those who serve the altar must live by the altar," in other words be provided with a maintenance by those who profit by their spiritual services; and so likewise, since the worship of God, the administration of the sacraments, and the many other works of piety and charity which are carried on by the Church involve expenditure of money, the faithful can reasonably be asked to supply it. Still this is a point into which we need not enter now, for the interchange between the favours granted by the Cruzada and the pecuniary contributions prescribed as the condition for gaining them, is, as we have already pointed out, an interchange, not of spirituals for temporals, but of spirituals for spirituals—since almsgiving for a sacred object, such as the maintenance of Divine worship, is a distinctly spiritual act. Nor can it be reasonably said that simony or quasi-simony enters in through the mode of collection. For what happens is this. The alms being "taxed," that is, fixed at a definite, but very small sum, there has to be some means of securing that this sum is paid. Such security is taken by the method of issuing copies of the Summaries, called Bulas, to those, and those only, who contribute the taxed alms, and on receiving them inscribe their names in the blank space left for the purpose, thereby

fulfilling the conditions which, by the terms of the Commissary's ordination, qualify them to enjoy the spiritual privileges of the Cruzada. It is true that these Summaries, instead of being supplied direct by the clergy, are supplied to certain shops, that is, the shops where prayer-books, crucifixes, and other articles of piety are sold. The applicants get them from these shops, which hand over to the Commissary General the alms received for them. The arrangement is convenient in view of the number of the applicants, and such shops being in more intimate relations with the clergy, have about them a certain religious complexion. But the mere fact of paying in one's alms in a shop and receiving in return across the counter what we may call a receipt for the same, does not necessarily constitute a purchase, nor do the pious Spaniards, though colloquially they may use the phrase, "buying a Bula," really imagine they are buying Indulgences, or doing aught else than contributing an alms for a spiritual object, in return for which some spiritual favour will be granted them.

We have now reviewed all the main features in this interesting survival of mediæval methods, and have seen that if its machinery is somewhat curious and complicated, and if thereby it lays itself somewhat open to the misconstructions of a superficial observer, it is based on the same sound principles which govern Catholic spirituality elsewhere, and by no means tends to encourage a gross and mechanical or other than a pure and elevating religious practice. We have seen, too, what deep-seated roots this system has in the past of the Spanish nation, and by what an intelligible and natural course it has developed into its modern form. And this is the most important point. Whether this system of the Cruzada is absolutely the best is not the question. Probably if the Holy See and the civil and ecclesiastical authorities of those parts had no past history to take into account, but were devising a purely new system for a new and unformed race, they would

follow the lines of Catholic usage elsewhere, and avoid arrangements which can be misrepresented with such a plausible show of truth. Possibly, too, even as it is, these authorities would be glad to assimilate the usage of their countries to the usage more generally prevalent throughout the Church, if only they could count on the willingness of the populations concerned to accept so radical a change. Still this "if" is just what cannot be relied upon. Whole populations do not suddenly change—especially when called upon to do so out of regard for the prejudices of outside people—the habits into which they have grown through the course of centuries, and have thereby come to understand and like. And hence a prudent ecclesiastical ruler knows well that—even though he be a Pope, and be dealing with a population notable for its piety and obedience—if by a sudden reversal of past policy he were thus to set himself against the innate impulses of human nature and social organisms, the inevitable result must be a general unsettlement of minds which could not fail to be prejudicial to religion.

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King Alfred.
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